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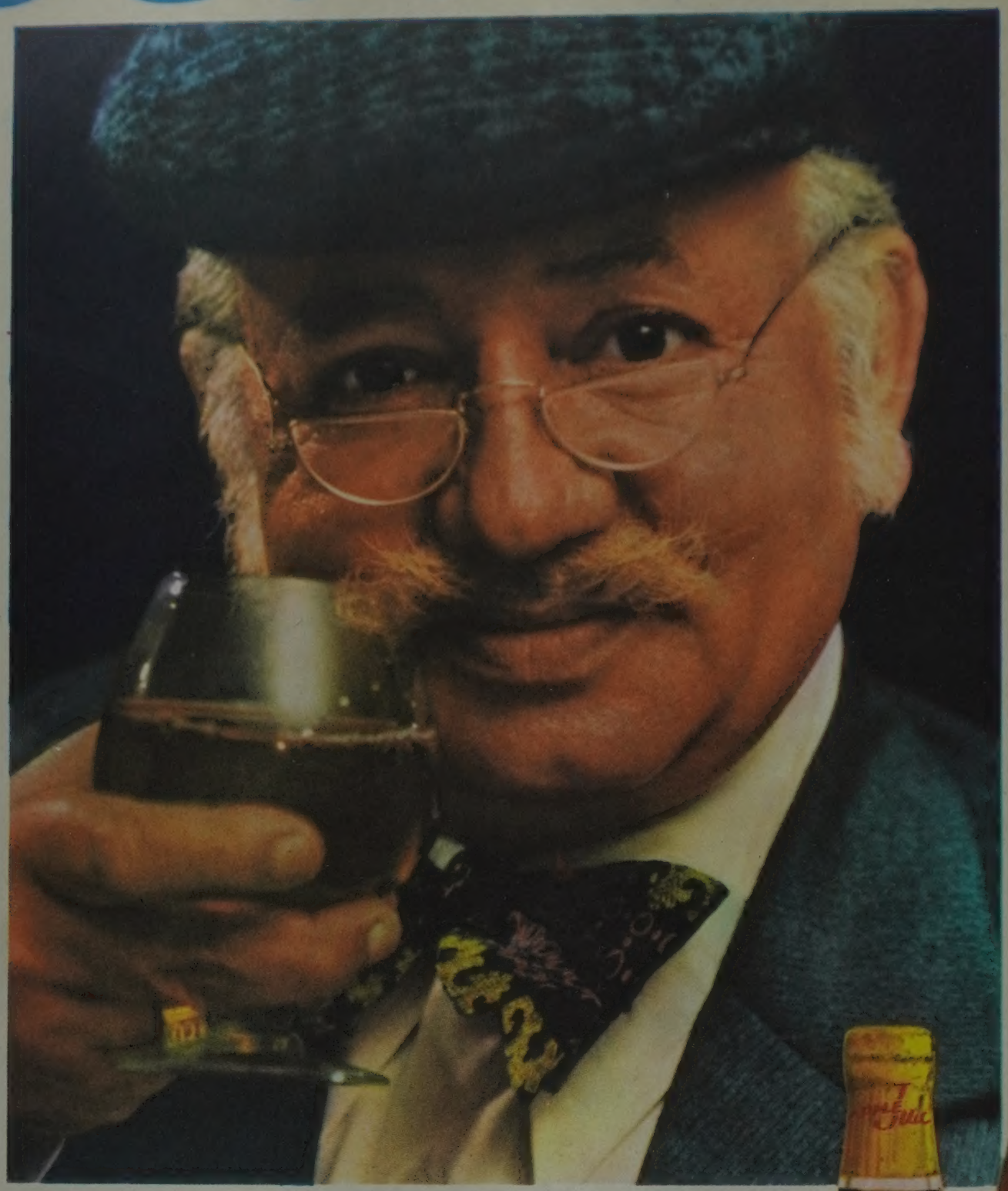

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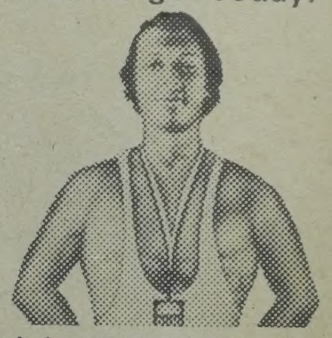

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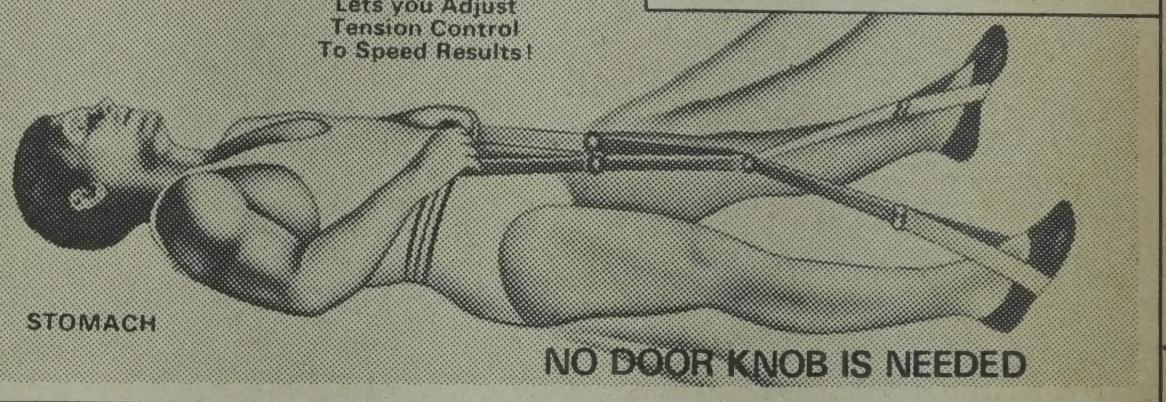

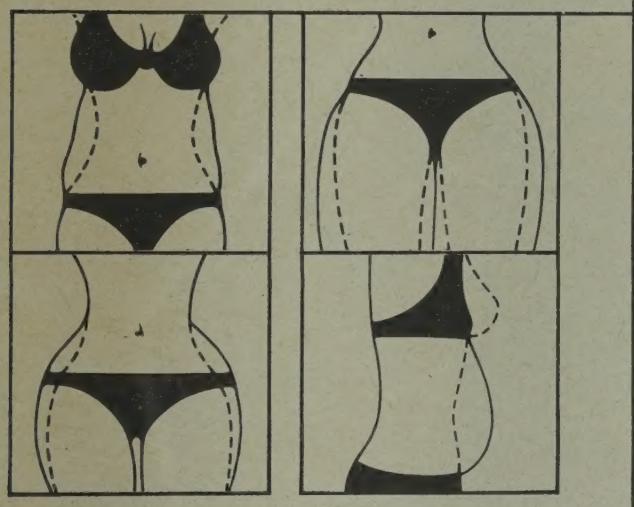

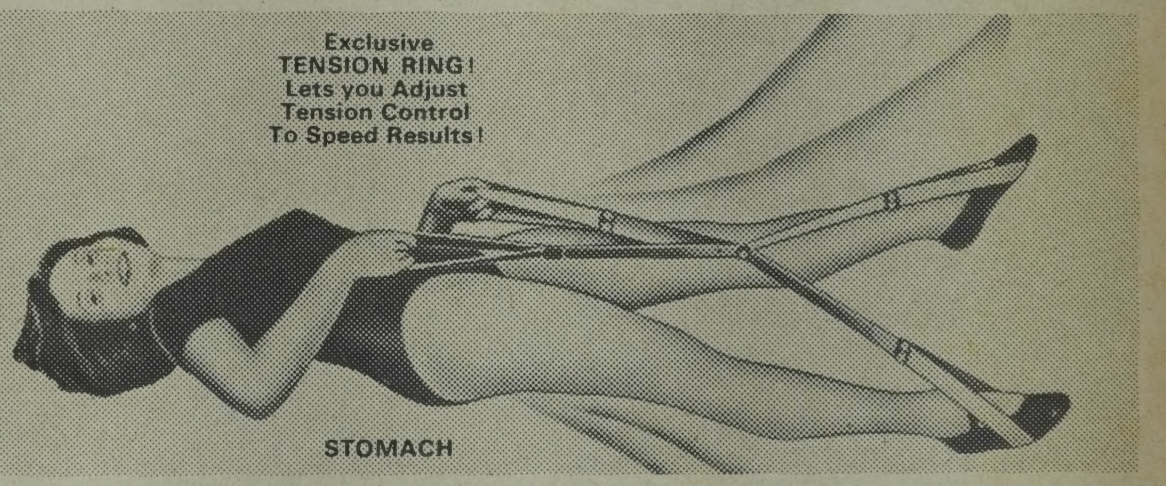

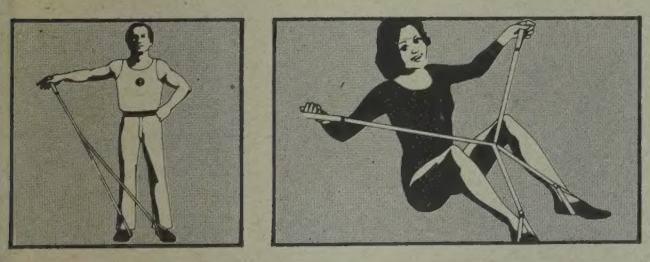

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HOMAI IRANI

A typical mod teenager who is looking at the world with great expectations, Homai has just finished her SSC and is faced with the same problem which every other teenager faces after school, "What next?" At the moment, Homai intends doing dress designing and a course in shorthand and typing.

Homai enjoys all outdoor games in which she has bagged several prizes during her school career. She also loves reading, designing and is mad about modelling. A daughter of a well-known film producer, Homai is very fond of acting, too, and would have taken it up seriously but for her father's veto.

Like most teenagers, she prefers a love marriage, wants to be an air hostess and travel all over the world.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter.

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this week

THE CHANGING TEACHER — STUDENT RELATIONSHIP

Gone are the days when a Dronacharya can demand as "guru-dakshina" an Ekalavya's right thumb and hope to get it. While this is certainly a healthy change, the growing chasm between the teacher and the taught stands in the way of proper education. There is certainly a need for a more productive relationship.
Page 13.

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION

The second article in our series on various aspects of social futures deals with education — where the present system will take us in the coming years and how we can possibly avert the disaster that the future now seems to hold.
Page 40.

SEPTEMBER 5 IS TEACHERS' DAY

It will soon be Teachers' Day, and there will be a number of ritualistic speeches about the role of the teacher in our nation. But will teachers be respected in economic terms? The answer, says one teacher, is too obvious to need telling.
Page 11.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A TEACHER

Teaching is a very personalised profession, one in which human relations play a major part. Three young teachers write about what it means to them.
Page 8.

And a veteran reminisces on learning and teaching through half a century.
Page 44.

RECOGNISING OUTSTANDING TEACHERS

Every year on Teachers' Day, the Ministry of Education announces the names of teachers who have been selected for the prestigious national teachers' awards. Why is the award presentation ceremony delayed further and further every year?
Page 17.

TUITIONS — BECOMING A RACKET?

Are tuitions becoming the latest fad, whereby parents with lots of money and little time for their children assuage their guilty conscience and teachers burdened with low salaries line their pocket-books? Also, a defence of tuitions.
Page 38.

ALSO

Marble Dust Paintings : colourful decorations — **Page 19** Film interview : Dharmendra, more criticisms than applause — **Page 23** Profile : A. Pankaja, banker from Bangalore — **Page 47.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Children's Page/**21**, Comics/**22**, Short Story/**24**, Fashion/**26**, Madam I'm Adam/**29**, Cookery/**31**, Beauty/**37**, Heart to Heart/**43**, People and Events/**48**, World of Eve/**49**, Answers to Quiz 5/**49**, Horoscope/**50**.

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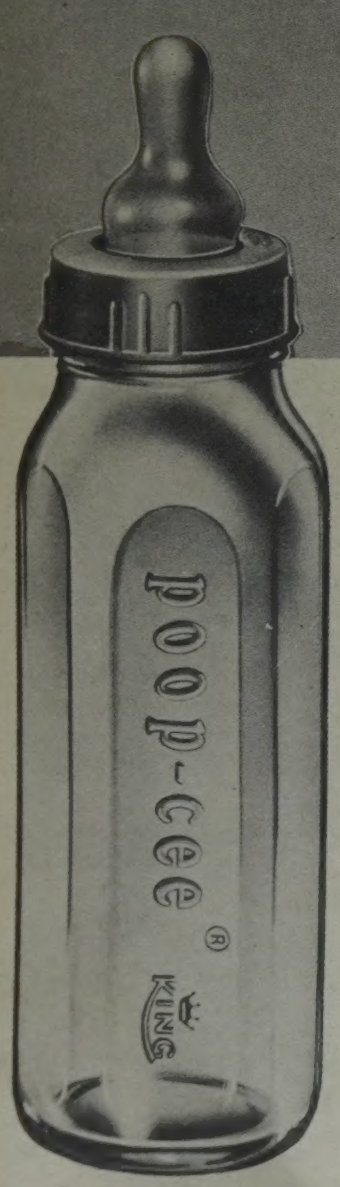

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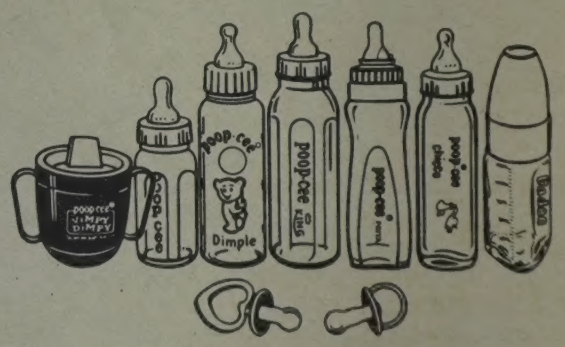

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1st prize

MORE LIKE A MAN?

Two firms of well-known couturiers on either side of the Atlantic say (and they should know) that a woman is getting more like a man every day — taller, with smaller breasts and hips but larger waist. What a waste!

This phenomenon is attributed to the fact that women today are engaged in pursuits which, in the past, were the exclusive preserve of men. This news can be interpreted either way. It can be regarded as a step forward in the war for Women's Lib. For, if you look more like us, we are less likely to notice you. . . enough to oppose you! On the other hand, it can be regarded with dismay. After all, which woman really wants to look like a man? Or, for that matter, which man would like his curvier half to become a replica of himself?

I hope that women will think twice now before insisting on absolute equality with men. I'm sure you'd rather keep your curves. And we men support you fully in this decision.

Mr. P. Shankar, Bombay

Suddenly, there seems to be an avalanche of propaganda about women "turning into men". We don't know who's responsible, but we can make a shrewd guess. Anyway, beards and hairy chests notwithstanding, there can be no question of giving up on the goal of equality.

2nd prize

JOYLESS UNIVERSE

The days of Brother/Sisterhood are at hand! Perhaps, I sound like a crusading evangelist but it is, one hopes fervently, the shape of things to come. Families are getting smaller, and this trend must continue and strengthen if the human race is to survive in comfort and peace. This means that the days of large families, characterised by numerous brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts and uncles, are drawing to a close. The future generations will no longer be able to return to the fold of the 'family' in times of either joy or sorrow. With couples electing, or forced, to have just one or two children or perhaps no children at all, human relationships will grow more tenuous, celebrations less joyful and old age — a possibility that is fast turning into a certainty — lonely and neglected. . . unless we stretch out in spirit and heart to those we are linked with, merely as human beings and not by ties of blood.

Perhaps what religion and altruism have failed to achieve, force of circumstances will bring about — one world yonder!

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

As you rightly surmise, out of sorrow comes joy, out of evil emanates some good. We cannot recall the family system, but we can certainly learn to look upon the world as family and upon friends and neighbours as brothers and sisters.

3rd prize

MISSING FATHER

Although I consider my father to be one of the best in the world and I love him very much, as he has never denied us, his children, any material gift we have coveted, yet sometimes I wistfully think how willingly I would have given it all up in exchange for some more of my father's time spent with his children, and his companionship. I cannot recall an occasion when my father has taken an interest in how we spend our time, what our hobbies are or even discussing any topic with us. When we were young, I suppose we just took the gifts for granted but only when we have grown up do we realise how important it is for parents to spend more time with their children than merely lavishing gifts upon them without taking any interest in them.

Anonymous, Bangalore

We are sorry you feel so badly about your father's emotional neglect. Truly, money is no compensation for the love and togetherness that is generated by concerned parents.

DISILLUSIONED BEAUTY

What is the key to winning a beauty contest? I am very much interested to know since I have been an unlucky participant twice, of this sordid affair and have been so disillusioned that never again would I care to take part in one. If they have to involve politics in this too why must they hold the contest and break tender hearts. It's true all can't win, but then there is something called Justice.

The recent one in which I took part was meant for the married ladies and there were ten participants. I being a mother of three at the age of twenty-five have maintained my figure very well. I have rather good looks, I walked with confidence wearing a smile on my face and still the most undeserving of people got it. Leave aside winning the title, I wasn't even among the first three. It was terribly heart-breaking. It was maddening, the whole injustice of it. I wish you would publish this letter so that it may serve as an eye-opener for others like me. Unless you have somebody known to you amongst the Judges or Management or someone who can really give you a push, forget about winning. Who cares for good looks, figure or anything else — you will only end up having an inferiority complex.

Neelam, Chandigarh

You seem to have had a bad experience and, of course, once bitten, twice shy. However, not all contests are "rigged" as you appear to think. There are prestigious, bonafide competitions where you need know neither judge nor management. Of course, we know, through experience, that every contestant expects to win and a surprisingly large number of them are bad losers. Anyway, next time choose your contest wisely — and may the best girl win!

SICK JOKE

The bra has become the subject for comic interludes in many films. Generally a comedian (male) picks up a bra, putting on an expression of revulsion, as if he has touched a nasty thing and along with this, there is the addition of vulgar dialogues, which are generally in cheap taste. Recently such scenes were depicted in the much-publicised film "Des Pardes". I, as a young person, condemn the showing of such cheap and vulgar scenes and request the directors to use good clean ideas for a comic scene.

T. V. Lakshmanan, New Delhi

Ridiculous as it may seem, the mere sight of a bra lets loose a wave of titters, guffaws and dirty jokes. Film makers pander to the baser taste of the sex-starved Indian masses, by having "bra sequences" in their films. One can protest and write letters and articles about it, but the problem will only be solved with education and a repressed society breaking its shackles.

READER'S VOICE

FACING FACTS

I was very much impressed by the True Confession (July 29). I really pity the parents, but such incidents are not surprising. We, as parents, are duty bound to look after our children. They have never asked to be born. We should not think that children are our insurance. Children are individuals themselves with their aims and ambitions. We should be able to guide them to achieve their goals. Whether they are going to look after us or not is their choice and never our right.

Just as we parents save for the children's needs, some money should also be reserved for our own old age. But one must never sell or mortgage one's daily source of income or house for the children's education, especially if it is for education abroad. This may sound callous, but such cases open our eyes. Yet the children can't be blamed. In this age of nuclear families, I think it is unjustified for us to expect our married child to stay with us. (Dr. Irene Anthikad, Bangalore)

FAR TOO GUSHING

The Zeenat Aman interview (Aug. 5) was more like a fan's gushing write-up than an analytical, probing interview. The writer just goes along with all that Zeenat says, not bothering to question even her most cliched pronouncements. Most of the article reads like the writer is Zeenat's mouthpiece! There are enough of articles like this in the fan magazines. In an intelligent women's magazine, one expects something more interesting. (G. P. Patel, Bombay)

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS

3 personalised views

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A TEACHER

As I think about my profession I nostalgically remember my students. Had it not been for them I (and I am sure many others) would have long ago opted for a more comfortable profession. The students provide a variety and spice that few other professions can offer. Because of them each day brings in new problems, new challenges, new successes. You are faced with types and types of students, each interesting in his or her own way.

There are, for instance, those "problem" children who can at times drive you nuts. Nothing seems to influence or change them, so hard has the mould in which they have grown become You have to fight against years of warped upbringing and only sheer determination sees you through. I remember a fatherless child of fourteen who, due to lack of guidance, was being influenced at this impressionable age by the wrong kind of "heroes" in the class. A false sense of bravado, underhandedness coupled with disinterest in studies were taking him to the path of the hundreds of semi-literate, misguided "goondas" that our cities abound in.

He had to be reformed — now or never. Luckily, his elder brother proved to be cooperative when he was made to realise that his little brother needed more attention at home. Tact, encouragement, praise for his smallest attempt and occasional firm handedness finally seemed to give this boy a sense of direction. The satisfaction on my part was immense even though only a dent into the problem had been made.

Not always have I been so successful. Failure to obtain help from parents has several times made me give up in despair certain hopeless cases. There are some parents who are literate, but to whom true education has no meaning, no value, who feel their money and influential connections will make men out of their boys. When I come across such types I give up the case in disgust as here I am dealing not with growing children but grown-up adults, entrenched in their nouveau riche world, complacent, and unwilling to change.

Fortunately, as I said, there are kinds and kinds of students and the love and respect (old fashioned, but nevertheless valuable words) you get from them more than compensates for the occasional failure, the low income, the burden of too many periods and all the other drawbacks that this profession has and will continue to have as long as the government continues to ignore the importance of education in this country.

When I establish a two-way, give and take relationship in the classroom and a warm, friendly rapport with the students; when I perceive minds growing, and see students realising their interests and discovering their identities, I am satisfied and happy. Only another teacher or perhaps an artist can understand the pleasure and sense of achievement I experience when I am with such students. The love that students are capable of showing can be overwhelming, especially at the school level where you are in closer touch with them.

It is a pity, therefore, that working conditions are made so difficult. The meagre salary and overburden of work discourage many worthwhile people from joining this line, which is why there is a visible deterioration in teaching standards. It is this excessive work that often turns teachers into the traditional "crotchety school marms."

School hours always extend into your personal life. Throughout the working year you have to carry work home. However well planned and organised you may be, you cannot escape the daily load of corrections that you must take home. During the school hours it is impossible to finish them as the management sees to it that your day is well packed with teaching periods (quite overlooking the fact that corrections are an indivisible part of teaching). As a language teacher my day generally begins at seven and ends at eleven in the night (during exams much beyond that).

Apart from the havoc this can play with your health, and consequently on your temper, another major disadvantage is that you have hardly any time for other activities. Family life is, of course, neglected, but even your own mental growth tends to get stunted as you have hardly any time for widening your horizons through reading, meeting people, attending seminars, etc. This could perhaps be one of the reasons why there are so many stagnating teachers who teach outdated old theories because they have no time to update themselves.

Teaching is a wonderful and even rewarding profession if you can forget all these problems and concentrate only on the students and make them the focal point of your life.

A. Chowdhury

AS I SEE IT...

When I started to teach, in 1972, I had just been through the university grind-mills myself. I can't say I was fired with any great sense of vocation. Some teachers I know, claim that this sense was present in them even when they were children. I'm afraid my make-believe games of "school and lessons" never held any suggestion that I was a teacher unto the manner born. They usually provoked one of two adult reactions: "Chatterbox!", said somewhat fondly, or "Little prig!", said with some acerbity.

There was a boy in the first class I taught. I remember him because of the avidity with which he wrote down all that I said. Or so I thought, mildly flattered, till the first examination. When the answer-scripts trickled in I picked on his first. As I read Vrinda Nabar Garbled and Rehashed I progressed through anger, frustration, despair, to the determination to be always three sentences ahead of him when lecturing hereafter. I figured out

I LIKE TEACHING BECAUSE...

Teaching is an exciting profession, provided it is taken seriously. At whatever level we work as teachers, whether we teach primary class students or adolescents or at college level, it is a highly challenging job.

This is primarily because we are dealing with young, growing minds, involved with the moulding of their thought processes, value systems, etc. and ultimately, with the development of their capacities and talents.

Teaching can become routine work if we teachers merely work at stuffing the student's mind with a certain quantum of information. There have been many complaints made against our system of teaching, namely— that it is mainly memory oriented and that our students are spoon fed and encouraged to learn by heart certain facts which are mechanically ejected during examinations.

Much of the fault in such cases does lie with the teachers who find their jobs to be a mere routine. Consequently, the teachers themselves do not get any job satisfaction and become more and more dispirited as the years go by.

As for me, I regard mind to be, not an abstract entity, but as consisting of a complicated net-work of nerves, centred in the cerebrum. I, as a teacher, try to concentrate on helping the student to develop and form intricate links, and connections in his or her cerebrum so as to create thought processes such

OF TEACHING:

Despite the low salary, the crowded classrooms, the heavy burden of work, there are teachers who find teaching challenging, exciting and rewarding

that if I went fast enough he'd probably give up trying to write and **listen** to me instead!

Over the years, that has been the essence of what I try to aim at: getting the student to listen, to discriminate, to cut down on all that rabid note-taking. I have no illusions (never had them) about mine being the noblest of professions, or about moulding the youth of today into worthy citizens of tomorrow. I would rather teach than preach, anyway. With a subject like English Literature that means, first, convincing the class that the **prescribed text** should be the primary source of study. This involves a good deal of bull-dozing, obsessed as students usually are with lists of critics and books of textual criticism which they attack with ghoulish enthusiasm.

In teaching a text, I try to present it descriptively and lucidly. I avoid **absolutes** in interpretation, and have to spend some time every year ridding a few students of their moralistic and Puritanical hang-ups. I don't see myself as an infallible mentor, but rather as someone who prods the students into thinking about what they read. Since the teacher's reading is somewhat wider and more informed than theirs, his or her range of references is usually greater. I believe in putting across various suggestions, and letting the minds of the students work in several directions. Their responses are often educative. So I trust, are mine!

To me, this feeling of rapport constitutes the most meaningful experience in teaching. A friend of mine once gave me a Charlie Brown placard which reads: "Security is knowing other people listen when you speak." The placard, which hangs in my room, provokes varying comments from my students. Nearly all of them agree on its appropriateness, for my impatience with the talker-sniggerer-note-writer category of student is both frequent and vitriolic in its manifestation.

I believe that in the class-room one person talks while the others listen. That one person is usually me, but students do get their turn at questioning, probing into, even refuting what I say. Anyone who does not subscribe to this point of view may as well stay away from class. It is for this reason that I don't hold with the bogey of Compulsory Attendance. I would rather mark everyone present and have only the interested ones attend.

For me as for most teachers, teaching hasn't been roses all the way, but it has had its moments. It's brought me in touch with a lot of young people who are often confused, bitter, angry and rebellious, but who are also affectionate, loyal, amazingly empathic at times. It's given me the kind of student who claimed I was so tiny — at five foot five! — that her sons could toss me in the air. And the kind of students who were more indignant than I was when an erratic term meant I couldn't have a proper honeymoon.

If there's one presence I can't stand in class it's that of Superior Know-It-All — the blase, slouching, gum-chewing, smirking specimen who attempts to pad mediocrity with a lot of bluster. Fortunately for me, that type doesn't go in for an M.A. in English any longer. Not very often, anway.

Vrinda Nabar

---

as analysis, synthesis, controlled imagination, etc.

In order to do this, I do very little of what is traditionally known as teaching, that is imparting information. I try to force the students to think out the solutions for problems by themselves. As a teacher, it is not my job to show my students how clever I am, but to make them show me how intelligent they are.

This attitude to teaching creates excitement both in the teacher and in the students. It may be asked, "Is this method feasible in a big class of about a hundred students?" It is difficult with a big class, but it is possible.

More often than not, initially we meet with mental opposition from the students in a big class, for they expect the teacher to hand out facts for them to learn. But slowly they begin to respond and the day the first student asks me a question, I feel great, for I am getting the right responses.

I also try to create opportunities by organising various extra-curricular activities, for meeting my students individually. Then of course we can make a greater impact on them. For this very reason, every year, I give private tuitions to a few students when I can train them more systematically to develop their mental capacities.

In our society we expect an engineer, a mechanic, or a computer programmer, to be highly trained to be able to deal with mechanical, man made objects. Unfortunately, we do not demand such expertise from our teachers who handle the most delicate, the most impressionable mechanism — the young human brain.

Children of all ages, and to me every student is a child, depend on adults to show them the technique of thinking and the art of living in society as well adjusted citizens. We, as teachers, have a duty, not to mould them as our reflections but to help them to develop themselves as lively individuals who have the capacity and courage to make future society better than the past or even the present one. And the process goes on, from teacher to student. To participate in this chain of development, to be a teacher, gives perhaps the highest kind of satisfaction that is possible in one's professional life.

Saraswati Swaminathan

Devi

Super star he cannot be as Amitabh is still number one and the highest paid star. Over cocktails to the press, Vinod Khanna announced a change of career. He still aims at the S.S. title, but he will now try and be Super Sadhu, and a super sadhu is exactly like a super star, with chamchas, chamchis, publicity, air-conditioned bungalows and the most expensive Mercedes car. In fact, at the recent auction of a Mercedes, Acharya Rajneesh bagged it whilst Amitabh, Hema Malini, Birla and Mastan bid fruitlessly.

VINOD KHANNA: SUPER SADHU?

At the press conference, Vinod, who looked more a Sorry Sadhu than a sought-after star, had nothing much to say, so he said he had called the press, "just for fun". He need not have bothered to explain. "Cocktails" is a good enough attraction.

Vinod's idea of fun is restricted to his family. So he called out to his two pale, thin boys and gave them the mike. One sang an atrocious song and the other just croaked, "Mummy I love you." Anyway, the real reason, according to me, and a believable one, is that Vinod is suffering from asthma.

He is physically exhausted and wants to get rid of some films, mainly those signed at his price of two years ago.

* * *

And the so called madness of Kishore Kumar, which used to be controlled only by an extra wad of notes, is completely cured by Rafi's melodious voice. Rafi, who was almost out of films during the Kishore era, made a comeback in multistarrer movies, and became Kishore's parallel voice. And the parallel voice bagged all three awards including the National Award.

The immediate outcome of the Rafi come-back was a gay party at Kishore's house, not for Rafi, but to celebrate son Amit's twenty-fifth birthday. Imagine waiting twenty-five years to socialise, almost on the eve of the Rafi come-back.

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TEACHERS IN INDIA TODAY: THE PLATITUDES AND THE REALITY

Govind Shahani

Should there be no concern for teachers who are forced to work in undemocratic conditions, in the absence of a decent wage, security of service and even academic freedom?

It will soon be Teacher's Day and we shall have to listen to a number of ritualistic speeches about the role of the teacher in our nation. Awards will be handed over to a few teachers as a sop by the Establishment. Our leaders will then be eloquent about the need to respect teachers. But will we really respect them in economic terms? Will we create conditions where the teacher will be inspired to work with dedication? The answer is too obvious to need telling.

That teachers are paid a low salary is a well-known fact. Even if their salaries are revised, the government tries to ensure that the revision is delayed as far as possible, and given as gracelessly as possible. Take the instance of college teachers: the U.G.C. revised scales for college teachers all over the country in 1966. The understanding was that a revision would take place every five years. However, the U.G.C. declared the next revision with effect from 1973 instead of 1971. The State Government of Maharashtra at first refused to implement the scales in the state. It relented only after the teachers organised an examination boycott in 1975.

SHODDY TREATMENT

When the emergency was declared, the State Government of Maharashtra introduced the most obnoxious working conditions and linked them with the revised pay scales. The Maharashtra Federation of College and University Teachers' Organisation decided to resist this move in the High Court. As a consequence, the President and General Secretary of the M.F.C.U.T.O. were arrested under M.I.S.A. When the emergency was lifted, the Teachers' Union launched another agitation in April 1976 to set right the damage done to the teaching community during the period of the emergency. The teachers could then secure some of their demands, once conceded and then withheld. The new pay scales were actually paid to teachers only in the month of August this year, after a delay of over five years!

When the teachers agitate, people are shocked and complain that students are being held to ransom. But should there be no concern for teachers who are held to ransom all the time when they are forced to work in undemocratic conditions, in the absence of a decent wage, security of service and even academic freedom? Can any system of education bring results when teachers, who are an important part of it, are treated with scant regard? When the new pattern of education was introduced, many teachers were retrenched and many senior teachers (some of whom had taught in colleges for over twenty years) were demoted and found their service conditions altered and their pay prospects marred. Does the Government seriously expect such teachers to be committed to the objectives of the new pattern?

While trying to introduce the new pattern of education, both the Government and the managements of educational institutions have tried to curtail their expenditure. In the process both teachers and students have suffered. Fewer teachers will be needed now, as there are no morning or evening classes for employed students in the new pattern. But education will be even more of an elitist preserve, for now, those who pay for their education by the sweat of their brow, will no longer have easy access to higher education.

STULTIFYING WORKING CONDITIONS

Apart from these disheartening developments, what causes great dismay to teachers are the stultifying conditions in which they have to work. In many of the institutions the educational managers, viz. the principals, are notorious for their lack of commitent to the cause of education.

In colleges, principals are chosen, not because they are ideally fit to play the role of First Teacher, but because they will play their role as apologists for the management. Such principals are not concerned about the welfare of teachers or students. They are concerned with carrying out the necessary accounting tricks so that they can claim huge grants from the Government and run colleges "economically" by hiring and firing teachers at whim.

In a leading South Bombay college, the principal ceased to be a teacher 14 years ago and has confined his involvement with the institution merely to administrative matters. Can such principals who are so alienated from the classroom situation understand the needs of students and the problems of teachers?

Unless we can ensure democratic conditions in colleges, and their running by enlightened individuals, teachers are unlikely to give of their best. At present such ideal conditions are a remote prospect. Some of these educational managers use a great deal of modern terminology in their lofty discussions about education, but their behaviour reminds one of the feudal lords of medieval times. Dissent is frowned upon and any bright, young, enthusiastic teacher will soon be turned into a cynical and frustrated being.

Even University bodies are constituted undemocratically. In the Senate of the University of Bombay, out of about 144 members, only about 22 are teachers; the rest consist of principals, government nominees, industrialists and others. Even in a body like the Academic Council, which is supposed to deal with purely academic matters, it is the principals who constitute the majority. The University of Bombay also seems to have made it a practice to delay, whenever possible, elections which would give democratic representation to teachers. Most of the vital decisions are taken either by ad hoc bodies or by non-official bodies like the Conference of Principals.

A teacher can be arbitrarily dismissed by his management. The recent University Act passed in the State now has a clause providing for tribunals which will decide the case of a teacher who is retrenched. However, in case a tribunal decides in favour of the re-instatement of a teacher, and the management refuses to abide by the decision, it has merely to pay a fine of one thousand rupees. How convenient it is, for a management to pay such a paltry fine and save a much larger amount on the salary of the retrenched teacher!

Teachers have therefore pinned great hopes on a recent judgement of the Supreme Court which considers teachers as workers and opens up the possibility of teachers coming within the purview of the Industrial Disputes Act. In the prevailing insecure conditions, however, it is inevitable that teachers should bring organized pressure to secure the protection which the law fails to give them.

MISUSE OF POWER

Teachers in minority schools and colleges face an added handicap from the law of the land, as the law invests such managements with additional powers. These powers are often misused by managements against teachers. While the institutions are usually controlled by the elite within the minority, the victims of this misuse are teachers who are often themselves members of minority communities. One hopes that the Commission appointed to look into the problems of minorities will consider the problems of teachers who work in institutions run by minorities.

Indifference to the problems of teachers will lead to difficulties for the student community. When a department in a college is closed, not only are teachers rendered surplus, but the academic options of students are restricted. When the government cuts down grants for education, not only are teachers made jobless, but students find their educational opportunities curtailed.

Cliches about honouring the teacher are tiresome, and do not change the sad reality. Equally tiresome is the attitude of those who expect teachers to endure these sorry conditions with saintly resignation

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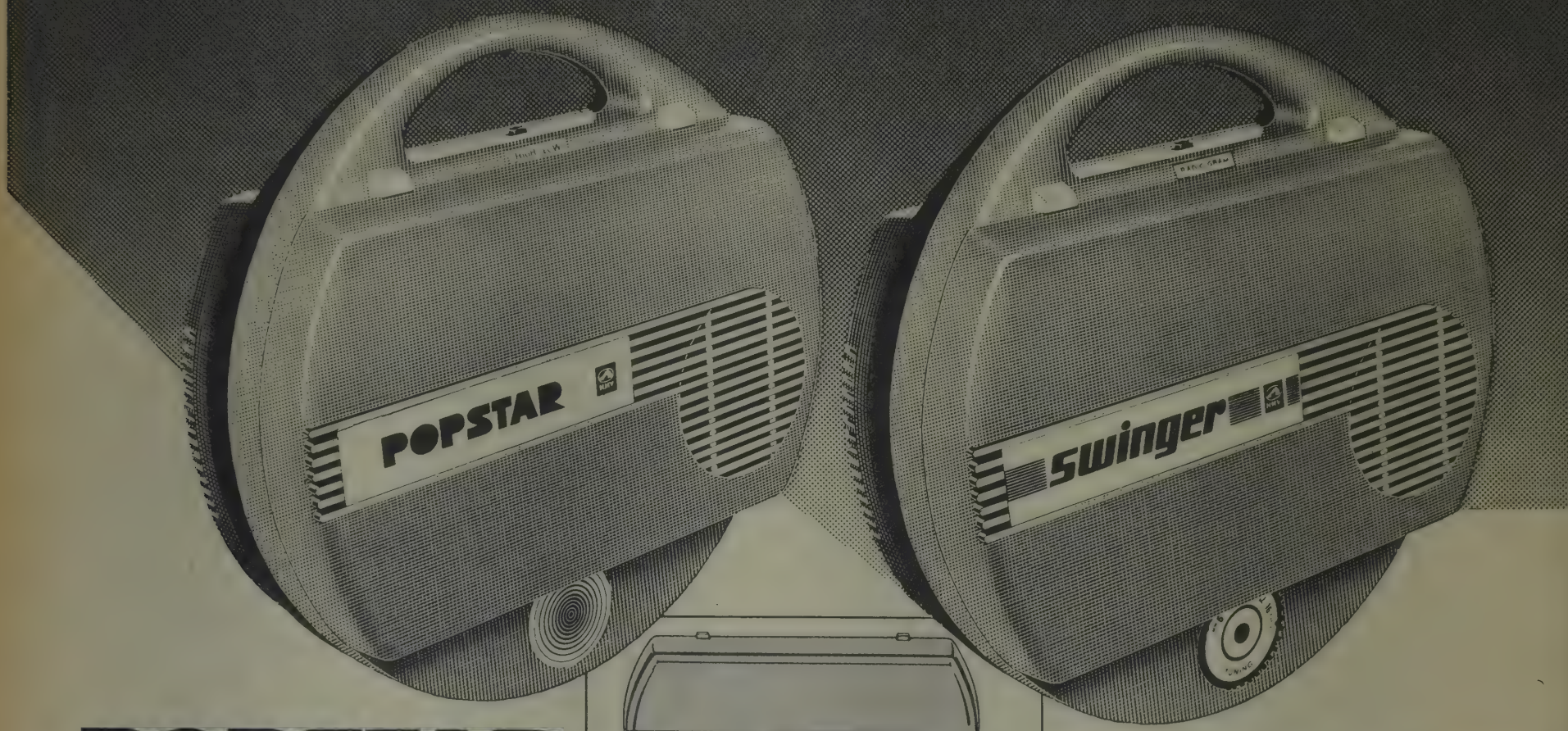

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STUDENTS & TEACHERS:

need for change in relationship

The education explosion, with students unlimited and resources strictly limited, has resulted in incompetent teachers teaching indifferent students

Alpana Chowdhury

During the epic times, Dronacharya, guru of the Pandavas taking advantage of a tribal boy, Ekalavya's deep love and reverence for him, demanded as "gurudakshina" Ekalavya's right thumb. Though startled by this unusual demand, Ekalavya gladly gave it to him, so great was his respect for Drona. The purpose behind this mean act of Drona's was obvious — he wanted no one to match the skill of his Pandava students.

The reasons may differ, but even today we have teachers who cripple students, mentally and psychologically. But students today are a far cry from the devoted Ekalavya. Not only do they not show that kind of unreserved awe and reverence for their teachers, very often they reach the other extreme of expressing indifference and even contempt towards them (not always justifiably).

On the other hand, teachers too tend to be cynical and disillusioned with their students. Which of them is responsible for this strained and often unhealthy relationship? —Both. What aggravates the situation is the structure of the entire educational set-up, which lays undue importance on the final examination alone, and which is slow and almost ineffective in changing and modernising the pattern of teaching.

The tendency of certain students to regard their teachers as puppets whom they can manipulate to suit their own interests is an attitude to be abhorred. When students feel that they can bribe, threaten and force teachers to give them additional marks, they not only show utter contempt and disrespect for the teaching profession, but they also reduce the entire system of education to a cheap stunt that must, nevertheless, be played every year in dead earnestness.

In such a farcical situation the earlier guru-shishya relationship has no meaning. Sincerity and a mutual respect characterised that relationship. As one student remarked, "Earlier, even if students sat down to cups of tea with their professors, the reverence was always there."

What encourages students to behave in this manner? It might be argued that students being students will indulge in a few pranks. Initial harmless teasing and ragging is excusable. But when students resort to sending abusive, threatening letters (there have been cases of even school children doing so), or sticking daggers in the desk of a teacher just because they wish to be indiscriminately passed in the examinations, their "pranks" begin to stink of an audacity that is unforgivable and inexcusable.

Obviously such students have the guts to behave in this obnoxious manner because they are either instigated by political parties or because they hail from rich and influential families and feel that they can get away with anything. For such students knowledge ceases to be a rare and precious thing that must be obtained through intense effort with the guidance of more knowledgeable superiors. Education for them is merely a certificate that can be bought without any difficulty. Such students have no business to go in for higher education as they are not going to benefit in any way from it.

Quality and not quantity should be our aim in this area of education. Higher education must not and cannot be carried out on a mass scale. With the limited resources that the education department has, it is impractical to expect a smooth and productive functioning of institutions catering to higher education if all and sundry are allowed to enter them. Some kind of elimination on the basis of merit alone should be done.

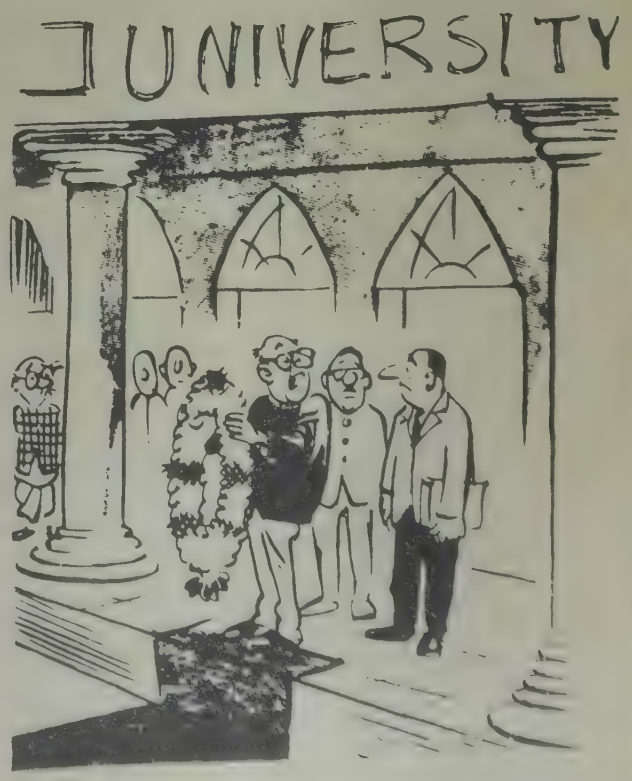
In this respect, preliminary examinations did serve a purpose. Navroz Seervai, a student of Law, feels that the point of elitism versus egalatarianism has been carried too far. Higher education should be only for selected students taught by selected teachers or else we will continue producing a mass of mediocre and even inferior students who are of little use.

It is impossible for a professor to have an intimate and mutually beneficial relationship with all the 150 students of his class, especially when most of them are interested only in passing examinations. They want a subject to be dealt with only from the angles referred to in the last ten years' question papers. Notes dictated on these topics are what they clamour for. Playing to the gallery some teachers are even known to hand out cyclostyled copies of their lectures. More often than not these "notes" are unacknowledged, plagiarised copies of others' books and are totally devoid of any original thinking.

Naturally, this method has a deadening effect on the interests of more academic minded students. The result is that these students, who are in the minority, stop attending such classes. Navroz, for instance, prefers to go to his father's chamber and do his own reading and research.

When doing his B.A., with Political Science, from a college which in the past has produced some of the most progressive thinkers in the country, he had respect for only one lecturer. Needless to say, this man was not popular with most students. But his six interested studei would feel "psyched" at the en of his period. "His lectures,' Navroz says, "would be so concentrated, so informative, up to date, and thought provoking that we'd feel breathless at the end of the 45 minutes, trying to absorb everything. He was ever

Yes, it is pretty unfair. They should allow free mid-day snacks for teachers too.



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— A Supplement

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STUDENTS & TEACHERS :
Need for change in relationship

ready to provide his students with the latest journals and research papers recently published abroad (which was not an indication of a 'foreign crazy' attitude but of a widely read and ever-learning mind)."

Of course, most students are least interested in such data as it is of no use in our old fashioned, outdated examination system. (One of the Law text-books refers to a recent survey — it turns out that the survey was carried out in 1903!)

This reluctance on the part of students to be interested in knowledge for its own sake has caused many a worthwhile professor to turn cynical and bitter. When they see before them a sea of disinterested faces with fixed, bored expressions, they begin to wonder if it is worth labouring over them. Such students are activated only when "notes" are being dictated, in other words, when there is only a one-way communication taking place. These notes are vomited out at the examinations and another breed of worthless graduates is produced.

Mr. Joshi, a language lecturer, used to at one time get annoyed and irritated with the apathy of the students, but now, knowing it is of no use, he has learned to control his temper. Thus, apart from the majority of the students not benefiting in any way from higher education, even the enthusiasm of teachers, devoted to the cause of learning, is being deadened.

While there is a lack of sincerity on the part of students, it is to be observed that there is also a general deterioration in teaching standards, both at school and college. As a result many bright students have little or no respect for some of their teachers. There are teacers like Miss Fernandes and Miss Bannerjee (the names have been changed) who, due to inadequate knowledge on their part, resent too many questions or discussions for fear of being exposed. Instead of welcoming argument and considering them as necessary for growing, curious minds they look upon them as a challenge to their authority.

This attitude naturally strains their relationship with students If there is a debatable point about which a teacher is not too sure, he or she should not hesitate to admit this, instead of leading students on to shaky ground. I am told that the teacher whom I referred to as Miss Bannerjee categorically stated that "Macbeth" was one of Shakespeare's historical plays. A student knowing for sure that it is categorized in his "tragedies," pointed this out to her. Not liking this, she turned him out! Another lecturer teaching at the B.A level couldn't understand why chapters on "rights" and "obligations" were grouped together in one section! Even a layman could have told her why. Lecturers or teachers who are so inadequately equipped to teach have only themselves to blame when students "act smart" with them.

The pathos, however, lies in the fact that most of the time such teachers escape without criticism. As Navroze observed, both teachers and students have become less demanding. Just as Mr. Joshi has stopped expecting too much from his students, students too tolerate bad teachers because they see no point in objecting. Though very often managements have lent a ear to the grievances of students, they have not always managed to get satisfactory alternatives.

The low paid profession that it is, the number of highly qualified people entering it is steadily decreasing. "Why," as one teacher asked, "should very qualified people join this line when they can earn so much more in another?"

Sometimes even good teachers tend to stagnate because of the little time that they have for extra-curricular activities. This stagnation is more apparent at the school level. Burdened with about 30 periods a week, daily loads of corrections and regular examination work, school teachers have little time left for reading books, attending seminars, or trying to familiarize themselves with modern teaching techniques. It is no wonder then that school teachers, in general, tend to have a limited outlook. When they get labelled as "deadwood" who is really responsible? The teachers themselves or the system that packs their days with so much work?

If all this paints a rather dismal picture of the educational set-up in our country, consolation lies in the fact that it is not an unrelieved darkness. There are still a few institutions in the country (call them elite if you wish) which maintain an academic atmosphere, which are fortunate to have teachers who are genuine lovers of learning, and which produce original thinkers. Also, there are still some brilliant people who are optimistic enough to join this profession.

Before we lose even these few teachers, before they turn cynical and leave, before the few worthwhile institutions in the country start sharing the fate of their less worthy counterparts, we should do something to restore an atmosphere whereby a healthy and productive relationship is once again established between teachers and students. Much has been said and heard about the grievances of teachers and students alike, but little done to alleviate them. A complete and systematic overhauling of the system is necessary. Shoddy experimenting and mere patchwork will not do.

UNUSUAL GIFT

Full colour posters of some of India's magnificient animal and bird species have been produced exclusively by the World Wildlife Fund-India for sale here. The posters, in an approximate size 34" x 21", include pictures of the lion, red panda, heron, leopard baby and tiger baby, and are from photographs by internationally renowned wildlife photographers.

Priced at Rs. 10 each, the posters are available from WWF-India offices at Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi, Hyderabad, and Bangalore. These can also be ordered by V.P.P from the WWF-India headquarters; Great Western Building, 1st floor, Shaheed Bhagat Singh Road, Bombay — 400 023.

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'Heron', from a photograph by Willi Dolder.

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NATIONAL AWARDS FOR TEACHERS: need for reform

Ila Kapoor

Each year on Teachers' Day, September 5, the Ministry of Education announces the names of the teachers who have been selected for the prestigious national teachers' awards. The announcement is supposed to be followed a month or two later by the presentation ceremony with the President of India presiding. It is perhaps indicative of a certain lack of concern that the award presentation ceremony is being delayed further and further every year. Normally the presentation takes place in November or December but last year it was delayed till May and the awards for 1977 were presented only at the end of August this year.

"The date of the presentation hardly matters, the only thing sacrosanct is the date of the announcement," explained a Ministry official when asked about the delay. In fact, even the announcement of the award winners is incomplete, as several states fail to send in their selection list in time, despite repeated reminders from the Centre.

For this year's award, for example, Delhi had not sent in any names by the beginning of August although the deadline was over. "We are not receiving any names of teachers from our education officers, so we are in a bit of a fix," said Mr. B. K. Aggarwal, Assistant Director in the Directorate of Education, Delhi Administration. So far the names of only two teachers have been received and the directorate feels that it should have a list of at least six or seven names to choose from before forwarding them.

RIDICULOUS REASONS FOR INACTION

When questioned why they have not submitted the names, the Delhi education officers claim, "There are no teachers worthy of the awards." With some 35,000 teachers in Delhi, of whom at least 5,000 fulfil the minimum requirements for the award, such an excuse is clearly ridiculous. The fact is that few of the education officers who do the original selection can be bothered to look out for the teachers. In the past it has often been the teachers or their supporters who have had to make their presence known to the selectors although technically the teachers are forbidden from petitioning for the awards.

The scheme of national awards to teachers was introduced in 1958 with the aim of raising the prestige of teachers and giving public recognition to teachers of outstanding merit. At first the scheme covered only primary, middle and secondary schools, but now its scope has been enlarged to include teachers of Sanskrit pathshalas and Arabic/Persian madarasas. One award has been allotted for teachers of Kendriya Vidyalyas.

UNFAIR PRACTICES TO WIN AWARDS

The number of awards allotted to a state depends on the number of teachers. There is approximately one award for every 30,000 teachers. In addition, nine awards are reserved for Sanskrit pathshalas and five for madarasas.

In 1977, 110 teachers were selected for the awards, of whom 30 were women. The award carries with it a certificate of merit, a cash payment of Rs. 1,000 and a trip to Delhi for the presentation ceremony. And while the award ceremony does not have the glamour or get the headlines of a film award function, newspapers do take note of the event.

Classroom teachers with at least 15 years experience and head masters with 20 years of service as teachers are eligible for awards. Retired persons are not considered for selection.

According to the authorities, the main criteria for selection of the candidates are:

(a) Academic efficiency and desire for improvement. (b) The teacher's reputation in the local community and (c) Share in social life and activities.

Selection in the states is made in two stages — at the district level and at state level. At the district level each district committee recommends to the State Education authorities the names. The State Selection Committee in turn makes recommendations to the Central Government. The final choice is made at the Centre.

Many teachers feel that the manner in which the selections are made is at times unfair. Mr. A. N. Nagpal, Secretary of the Delhi Adhyapak Parishad, felt that very often teachers "manipulate to get the award." He pointed out that nearly always it is the headmasters and principals who get the award, simply because in their position they are closer to the authorities.

He felt that selectors should take into account the area and type of student going to a school. It was fairly easy for a teacher to get good results from students year after year in affluent localities. The test for a teacher should be success in improving standards in poor or backward localities.

Mr. Nagpal thought that the research work produced by a teacher is not considered. "It would be much better if the selectors were full time educationists rather than bureaucrats," he added.

A few years back the Ministry of Education ruled that winners of national awards would get three years' extension in their service and State award winners would get two years extra. This proved to be the biggest lure for the award,

"There was a virtual scramble among teachers and it became something of a racket," an education official admitted. Teachers who stood to gain around Rs. 40,000 and more by way of extra years of service took to dining and entertaining those who they felt could be of influence. All sorts of social and political pressures were exerted.

One award winner was believed to have been helped by the fact that her father worked in the Prime Minister's secretariat. Another was known to have povided lavish hospitality to education officials during the year he was selected.

CENTRE HELPLESS, SAYS MINISTER

In 1977 there was a minor scandal about the selection of the state award winners in Delhi for 1976. There were charges that some of the persons selected did not fulfil the minimum requirements and political pressure had been brought to bear. Eventually three of the names originally selected for awards were dropped.

Mrs. Barkataki, the dynamic Minister of State for Education, admitted that occasionally there might be some irregularities in the manner of selection. "But we at the Centre are helpless as the Ministry merely makes the final selection from names submitted by the states. If there is any petitioning it is done unofficially at the state level. In any case we take precautions by ensuring that those selected have fulfilled certain minimum standards," she said.

Didn't she feel that students should have some say in the selection, as they were the best judges of the merit of a teacher? "The idea is very good in principle but in practice very difficult to implement," Mrs. Barkataki pointed out.

However, this year the unofficial lobbying for the awards has lessened considerably as the Education Ministry on the advice of the Ministry of Law has stopped the practice of granting the three-year extension to award winners. The result seems to be that this year some states are having a hard time even getting names!

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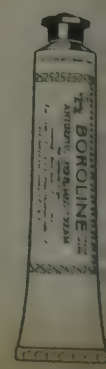
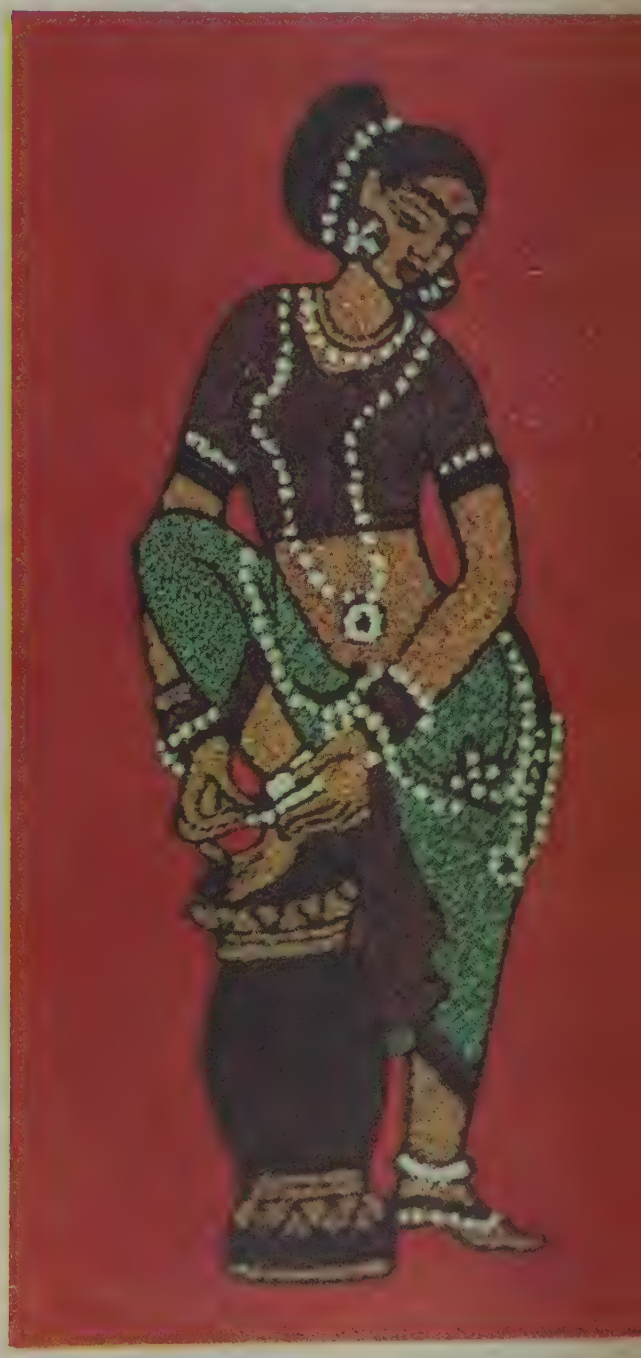


A NEW CRAFT

The first thing that strikes the visitor to Jay Dalal's flat in Bombay are the artistic wall panels created from marble powder. Pleasing to the eye, in vibrant colours, they reflect her vivid imagination. Inexpensive to make, they not only enchance the beauty of your home, but are handy to solve your gift problem.

Jay shows you how they are made. All you require is a hardboard, black cord, marble powders in different colours (available at any marble factory) and an adhesive.



Trace the outline of any design you fancy on the hardboard. Paste the black cord on the outline so that the design stands out. Wash the marble powder and drain off all the water. Mix the adhesive with the powder. Take a small area and cover it with the adhesive. On it glue this marble powder creating a sculpturesque effect. Complete the entire design in this manner. For fine work, use finer powder (this can be obtained by sifting the powder in a sieve). Let the panel dry for 24 hours. Finally paint the background in a [illegible] colour.

Photographs: Lokesh Reporter

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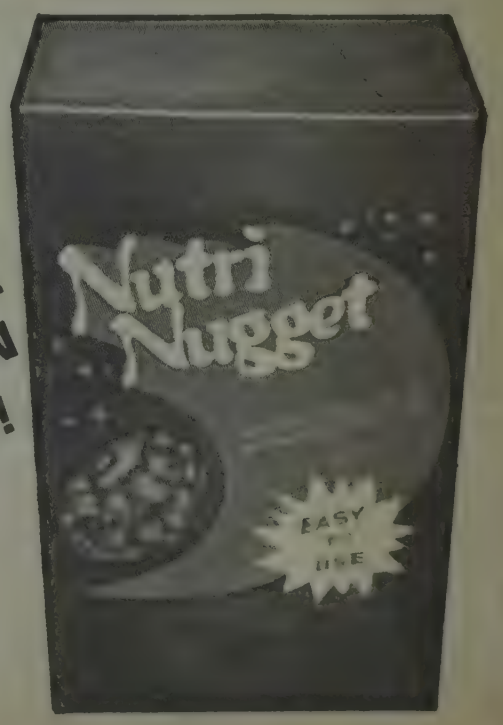

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children's page

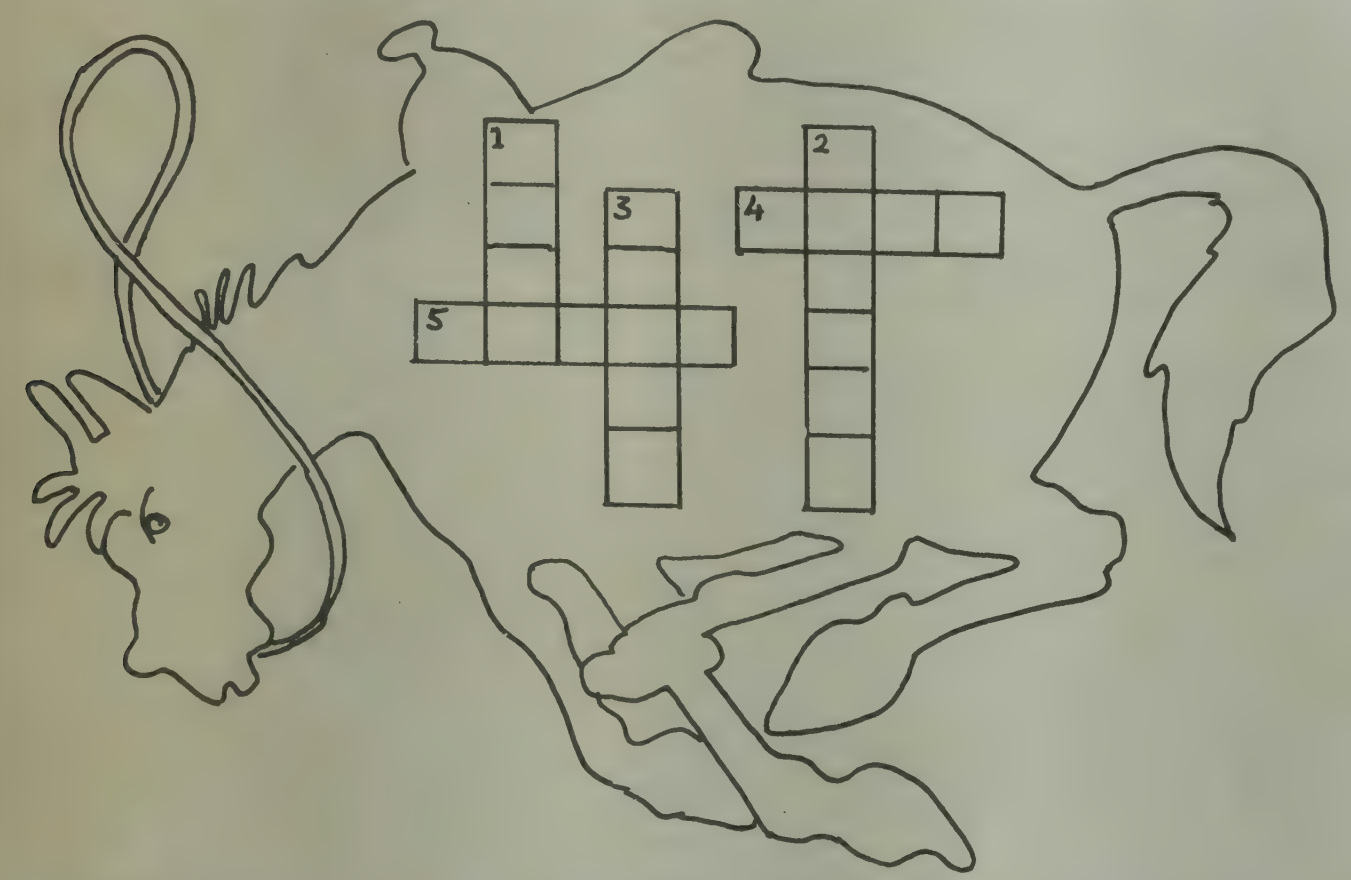
Kamal Aurora

HORSE CROSSWORD

Guess from the clues given below, the five animals which are cousins of the horse. Put their names in the crossword.

CLUES

1. Rhymes with a "stool."
2. — — — +
3. Burr! + O
4. Rhymes with "Doe" +
5. My hide is striped and looks like a prisoner's suit.



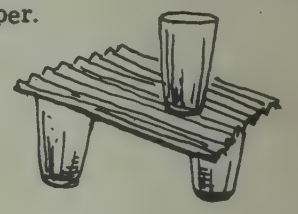
A SMART TRICK

Place a sheet of paper across two glasses as shown in illustration A. Can you guess how a third glass can be balanced on the bridge of paper between the two glasses?

A

SOLUTION

If you pleat the piece of paper to give it added strength, you can balance a glass on the bridge of paper.



THE ADVENTURES OF

omphy-momphy tuk tuk

Omphy Momphy was not sure whether he should tell Mun Mun about the frog. It was sitting locked up in his desk. Omphy Momphy put his ear to the top of his desk. The wood felt smooth to his cheek. For a long while there was no sound. Then Omphy Momphy heard a soft sound like the rustle of paper. . . the frog was hopping around on his books!

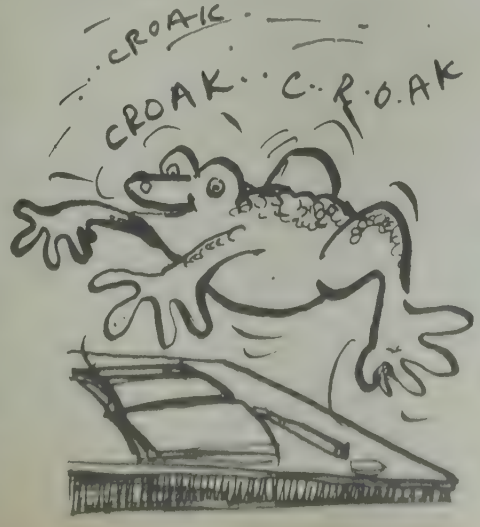
Quite excited then, Omphy Momphy tried to get Mun Mun's attention. Mun Mun was listening to the teacher. Omphy Momphy heard the teacher say, "Different birds make different sounds. A parrot makes a loud screeching sound. A sparrow makes a soft 'twitter' sound..." "Children make shouting sounds," added Omphy Momphy loudly.

"I was talking about birds, Omphy Momphy," said the teacher with a slight frown.

There was sudden silence in the room. There was a giggle from a girl.

"Girls make 'giggling' sounds," said Mun Mun.

"Boys make..." As Kum Kum opened her mouth to say the next word, there was a loud croak from Omphy Momphy's desk.



The class began to laugh. Everyone thought that Omphy Momphy had made the sound. Kum Kum began again, "Boys and frogs make..." "Croak-croak," said the frog.

Kum Kum was beginning to look angry. Oh dear, thought Mun Mun, Omphy Momphy is ready for a fight with Kum Kum. Omphy Momphy also realized that Kum Kum was getting angry.

"What sound does an owl make?" continued the teacher with a smile.

"Screech?" asked a boy.

"It goes too-whit-to-too!" laughed Kum Kum. "I heard it at night yesterday."

"Croak?" As the frog croaked Omphy Momphy hurriedly opened his mouth. Kum Kum stared at Omphy Momphy, her face dark with anger. "Stop it!" she said loudly.

"I cannot," said Omphy Momphy truthfully.

"You think you're very smart?" asked Kum Kum, tossing her head.

"That's enough," said the teacher. "What other sounds can you make Omphy Momphy?"

"Cree oak — cree-oak," said the frog, now hopping with fright inside Omphy Momphy's desk.

Omphy Momphy clamped a hand over his mouth.

"Creek-oak?" cried the frog again. The teacher looked suspicious. Everyone understood and started making different sounds together.

There was a lot of noise and in between the bell rang. The teacher walked back to her desk, smiling at the enthusiasm. As soon as the teacher left, Mun Mun and Kum Kum ran to Omphy Momphy's desk. He opened his desk. "Croak," said the frog and leaped out of the desk. Everyone stared. The frog jumped out of the classroom. Omphy Momphy, Mun Mun and Kum Kum grinned at one another. "Thanks for saving me," said Omphy Momphy.

"CROAK!" said Kum Kum and Mun Mun together.

ANSWERS:
Horse crossword
1) mule, 2) donkey, 3) burro, 4) pony, 5) zebra.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I JUST WROTE A CHECK FOR THE FINAL PAYMENT ON OUR HOUSE MORTGAGE!
REALLY?
YES! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS WE FINALLY OWN OUR OWN HOME!
WOW! THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!
WE'LL INVITE EVERYBODY WE KNOW! I'LL HAVE A CATERER PREPARE DINNER...
WE'LL SERVE CHAMPAGNE!
WE'LL HIRE A BAND....
NOT SO FAST! WHERE DO WE GET THE MONEY FOR ALL THIS?
EASY! WE'LL PUT A NEW MORTGAGE ON THE HOUSE!
I KNEW SHE WAS GOING TO SAY THAT, BUT I WAS HOPING I WAS WRONG -
STEAK AND LOBSTER ..... CAVIAR
2-5
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1978. World rights reserved.

HA HA world of laughter

Harry: "That guy George is one of the greatest halfbacks that ever lived."

Larry: "I didn't know he played football."

Harry: "He doesn't. He always pays back half of what he borrows."

* * *

Son: "Dad, what's the meaning of the word monotony?"

Dad: "Having only one wife."

* * *

The condition a man is in can best he judged from what he takes two at a time — stairs or pills.

* * *

"Why do you call your wife Camera? Surely that's not her proper name?"

"Her real name is Gladys. I call her Camera because she's always snapping at me."

* * *

My secretary has only been working for me for two weeks and already she's a month behind.

* * *

Teacher: "Wendy, can you put 'defeat', 'deduct,' 'defence' and 'detail' in one sentence?"

Wendy: "Yes, miss. De feet of deduck gets under defence before detail."

* * *

My girl friend has an hour glass figure, but gets annoyed if I put my arms around a quarter to nine.

* * *

Girl: "I'll pour the drinks, dear. What will you have—gin and platonic?"

Young man: "I was hoping for whisky and sofa."

Have you heard about the cow that went dry? She was an udder failure.

* * *

Whistler, the famous painter, was exasperated when he came home from work one night and found his mother sitting in the middle of the drawing room floor.

"What's the matter, Ma?" he demanded. "You off your rocker?"

* * *

A small boy walked into a drug store and asked the clerk for some talcum powder.

"Certainly, Sonny," said the druggist. "Just walk this way please."

"If I could walk that way," the boy said, "I wouldn't need the talcum."

* * *

Mother: "Do you like your new nurse, Sheldon?"

Sheldon: "No, I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her neck like Daddy does."

* * *

The veteran battleship was in port on exhibition to the public; on its deck was an inscribed plaque. "And here," said the guide solemnly, "is where our gallant admiral fell."

A spry little old lady piped up: "Well, no wonder. I nearly tripped on the damn thing myself."

* * *

Have you heard about the pregnant bedbug? She had a baby in the spring.

* * *

A Chinese had a toothache and phoned a dentist for an appointment.

"Two-thirty, all right?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, tooth hurtee, all right," the sufferer replied. "When shall I come?"

* * *

Then there was the sadistic little girl who locked the bathroom door the night of her father's beer party.

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

DHARMENDRA: I Have Got More 'Gaaliyaan' Than 'Taaliyaan'

Jyothi Venkatesh

What is likeable about Dharmendra is the fact that stardom has not spoiled him. In an industry abounding with super stars who revel in throwing tantrums even if they churn out one single hit, Dharmendra is one star who has always been accessible to the press. Till this date, he remains unaffected and has his head firmly planted on his shoulders.

At the outdoor location shooting of "Dawedaar" at Nasik, where I met Dharmendra recently, he sounded mature. Even though he is working in quite a few multi-star films, Dharmendra defended the one hero-one heroine films. "What matters in the long run is the subject matter of a film and not whether it is a one hero-one heroine film like 'Shalimar' or a multi-star film like 'The Burning Train'. Without subject matter, a film cannot appeal to the masses. Stars give only the initial draw to a film. Didn't 'Dulhan Wohi Jo Piya Man Bhaye' and 'Hum Kisise Kam Nahin' click at the box-office even though they weren't multi-starrers? Today the audience is intelligent enough to applaud a film if it has the right treatment."

Dharmendra is aware of the fact that the kind of films in which he is acting currently cannot be hailed as outstanding ones by any standard. "I go in for action films because it is the action films which run today at the box-office. Formula films swell the industry's coffers. Classics do not run. Film making has turned into a business proposition today."

Dharmendra gets bugged if you ask him why he is known more as a star than as an actor. "I do not agree with those who feel that a star can never be a good actor," he says. "You are as good as the role allows. A star can prove himself to be a good actor if he gets good roles."

But Dharmendra is so peeved with critics that he did not let the producer of his film "Phandebaaz" hold a press show before the release of the film. "Critics go to see a film," he said, "only to search for drawbacks and to needle you unnecessarily where it hurts. My critics wrote that 'Jeevan Mrityu' clicked at the box-office because of Raakhee, 'Chupke Chupke' because of Amitabh Bachchan, and 'Sholay' turned out to be a super hit only because of Sanjeev, as if I had nothing to do in all those films. I know what I am and hence I do not wish to enter into any kind of controversy, even if some people are out to prove to the world that I am a third rate actor."

Dharmendra is busy round the clock working in triple shifts, shuttling from one end of the world to another. After shooting for "Dawedaar" at Nasik, he went to Bombay to report on the sets of "Do Dishayen" and scooted off to London and Paris to shoot "Professor Pyarelal" after completing a stint at Chickmagalur near Bangalore for "Krodhi". And by the time this appears in print, Dharmendra will be shooting for an Indo-Russian co-production in Russia.

"Even though I have decided not to sign for any more films, I am helpless and I end up signing for new films though I am hard pressed for dates. The reason is simple. There are hardly five stars in the industry and as many as 250 producers. If they have to eke out their livelihood, I have to co-operate with them. I just cannot bring myself to say No to them. Though I keep advising my producer friends to sign new-comers for their films, they do not want to take the risk because, according to them, distributors refuse to take up a film starring new-comers."

Dharmendra has never hesitated to act with new-comers because, as he himself says, "I know the trials and tribulations that a new-comer has to undergo in an industry where the star system dictates even the trends of film making." At a time when Sharmila Tagore's "Kashmir Ki Kali" hadn't yet been released, Dharmendra agreed to work opposite her in "Devar". Dharmendra acted with Jaya in her maiden film "Guddi" and with Jayalalitha in her very first Hindi film "Izzat".

Dharmendra is of the view that he is maturing with every new film of his. "I have learnt from every mistake of mine. I have never allowed success to make me complacent. It is my flops which have made me stronger, while my hits instilled in me a sense of fear about my future and made me feel insecure. Acting is like walking on the edge of a sword. You get sympathy and appreciation only when you fail. When you taste success, everybody gets busy tearing you to pieces. Up to now I have got more gaaliyaan than taaliyaan."

Dharam has spent two decades in films. Right from "Dil Bhi Tera Hum Bhi Tera" with which he made his bow in films, till "Phandebaaz", every film of his has shown him that while it is difficult to enter the industry, to continue to remain there is even more difficult. And, "to continue to remain right at the top is the most difficult task for an actor." As he says, "One's luck helps one only in getting a break. To continue to click in films, one has got to have talent."

Photograph : Girish Shukla

Shiela watched with blurred eyes the fast receding figures below. They grew smaller and smaller and finally even the buildings were lost from view as the plane soared higher and higher. It took her away from India and with every passing minute it drew her closer to her new home — England.

Was it only six months ago that she had landed on her land of birth with mixed feelings of fear, hope and trepidation? The one thought that had gained predominance, ever since she had received the cable, was the feeble cry, when her brother Arvind had met her at the airport, and she had asked, "Will mummy live?"

Those hours, days and weeks seemed to be etched so sharply in her mind that she could still relive every moment of them — from the moment she had entered her mother's room.

"Mummy," she had wailed like a child as she rushed towards the frail figure lying so still on the narrow bed. Tears had streaked down her pale cheeks as she held the figure close.

"Shiela, beti. I am not dead, so stop crying," the soft voice seemed to reprove her.

Shiela drew back quickly and stared intently at the face before her. Her mother's face which had once been round and healthy looked sallow and ravaged with pain. Could five years wreak such havoc? Death seemed to hover around the shrivelled body. The cable had said, "Seriously ill," but now Shiela knew that her mother could not live long. The voice had sounded so faint and frail.

"Mummy, how are you feeling?" she asked as she gently drew the wisps of hair back from the narrow forehead. It was hot to her touch.

"I am well now that you have come," the eyes closed for a moment as if tired. Shiela felt a light touch on her shoulder.

"Come and have tea, mummy will sleep. She is under heavy drugs," Arvind whispered in her ears.

With a heavy heart she followed her brother into the drawing room. She saw Arti, her bhabi, busy with the tea tray. They had not met since her arrival, in fact Shiela hardly knew Arti who had married her brother on her last visit. It had all happened during the last month of her stay and what with the marriage and honeymoon that followed they had parted as strangers. Except for her mother's and brother's letters she had no idea of the part Arti had played in her mother's life. Now she would know.

"Hullo Arti," she greeted her sister-in-law.

"Hullo," the voice was cool and withdrawn. Shiela sank down slowly on the sofa. No love and kisses here.

"Where are Rajen and Rajesh?" Shiela looked round for the boys.

"At school, where else?" Arti replied shortly.

Arvind frowned at his wife. Surely she was not going to start the argument right now?

The atmosphere seemed heavy with hostility. Shiela turned to her brother with foreboding.

"What is wrong with mother?" she asked.

"Ask us what is not wrong with her," Arti interrupted as she came and sat opposite the brother and sister.

"She has diabetes, high blood pressure, kidney infection and a tumour. And God knows what else," she murmured under her breath as she took a loud sip from her cup.

"But all this is not really serious. She could have been treated for this long ago. So many women have diabetes and high blood pressure. And the tumour could have been removed?" Shiela asked quietly of the two. An inner voice warned her to be calm. That way she would be able to get not only more information but also be of more help to her mother.

"And where would the money come from?" Arti asked, almost triumphantly.

"Money!" echoed Shiela. "Why, daddy left mummy nearly a lakh of rupees when he died. Where has it all gone?"

"We bought a flat with it," her brother looked both guilty and shame faced.

"Where?"

"Here in Delhi. A friend of mine was selling it cheap, so we borrowed the money from mummy," there was defiance in his tone.

"I see," Shiela could now visualise all that had happened. Her mother, so good, kind and gentle. Innocent and guileless — and these two. Her own brother and bhabi. Whoever had said that blood was thicker than water must have lived under some misconception. Here the blood was all water.

"What about the rent?" she probed into the small silence.

Arti now took over. How had they ever thought her pretty? She looked fat and obscence to Shiela's eyes. The eyes were too small, the nose thin and long and the mouth mean. Had marriage made her such or had she been so all along? Only they had not seen below the attractive facade of youthful fat and babyish looks. The reality was harsh and uninviting.

"I don't suppose you realize how expensive life has grown in Delhi. Arvind is hardly earning fourteen hundred rupees as an assistant engineer and with two children and a mother-in-law and the standard one has to keep. Well, there is not much left after her doctor's fee and medicines." Arti's voice was unsympathetic and uncompromising. She had prepared her argument long before Shiela's arrival.

Shiela had winced at the word "her." Had her mother become only a "her" in their lives? No Maji, or mummy or even mother? Had she become someone so abstract that they had already begun to consider her as someone in the past?

"I think I will sit with mummy for sometime. Excuse me." She got up quickly. Her brother opened his mouth to speak. Arti gave him such a piercing look that he subsided quietly in his chair. No better example of a henpecked husband, thought Shiela bitterly to herself.

She tiptoed into her mother's room. There was an eerie silence. Her mother moved as if sensing a loving presence. Shiela caught the frail fingers in her hands saying softly, "Don't worry, mummy. I won't leave you now."

She blinked back the treacherous tears. It was in this very room that her mother had made plans for her brother's marriage. She remembered the eager tone, the happy voice.

"Shiela beti, now my worries are all over. As soon as 'bahu' enters the house I will hand over the keys and the running of the kitchen to her. You see beti, we mothers-in-law always make a mistake. We don't realize that we must at some stage take a back seat and make way for tomorrow, for the young and enterpri-

sing wives who want to prove their worth not only to their husbands but to themselves also. You will see how different I will be to other women. Ours will be a happy household."

The tears ran down unchecked this time and Shiela sobbed silently as she saw how cruelly the gods must have laughed at her mother's innocence. "Shiela," Maji's voice broke into her reverie. "Don't cry. I have lived a full life and I have no regrets. Not even where Arti is concerned."

Shiela sank on her knees beside the bed. Even those few words seemed to tire her mother.

"Love cannot be made to order, beti," her mother seemed to read her mind. "Among all the wild flowers I gathered, one plant — Arti — which painstakingly I persuaded to grow in as natural surroundings as possible

Like a good mother she had taken a back seat when her son married, but he and his wife drove her to her death

Pramilla Bharat Singh

in order to let it bloom, failed to grow. But one can never tell how a plant will develop. Despite all the love I gave to nourish it and the wealth to shelter it, the bloom never came out for me. Maybe I am no gardener." A tear trickled down the frail cheek.

"Maji don't cry please. You must get well. I will take you back with me," Shiela kissed her mother as she gently wiped the tears away.

"No beti, my time has run out. I am only glad you have come — so happy — so happy. . ." her mother sighed and the tired eyes closed once again.

Shiela sat on for a short while. Her mother seemed to have sunk into a heavy slumber. A flaring anger burned inside her. Too late, too late. The words hammered in her brain. Nothing could justify her brother's actions. Between them they had killed her mother. That she would never forget.

Two hours later Shiela tackled Dr. Banerjee.

"But, doctor, why didn't you operate on her if you thought it advisable?" she asked.

"Beti, your brother did not agree. I told him that it was the only solution. She must be operated as the tumour was affecting other parts of her body. But he refused. You see, it could have been cancer and he did not want to take the risk. Now it is too late. She has become too frail, and most important, lost the will to live. Now it is only a matter of days."

Later Shiela confronted her brother when she was sure he was alone. Arti had gone to the bazaar.

"Arvind, why did you refuse to have mother operated upon? Besides money. I could have sent it to you if you had written to me."

He replied sullenly, "The doctor gave her only 20 per cent chance."

"Twenty per cent? But that is a good risk. Why, people take a risk on one per cent even." Anger seeped through her body.

"Arti said. . ."

"Don't tell me what Arti said," Shiela said grimly. "I am only happy Daddy has not lived to see this day. Mummy was always blind to your faults. The trust they put into you and you. . ." her voice died away as she heard a moan from her mother's room.

They both rushed into the room, but were too late. Their mother had already passed away.

A fortnight later a very subdued Arti approached Shiela.

"I am so sorry that your stay has been such an unhappy one. If there is anything you want me to do, like buying something for your children or for Bhaisahib let me know. After all you are here for only a week more and Maji would have liked "

"Shut up," Shiela cut in rudely. "Don't let's be hypocrites. You know we dislike the sight of each other and can't wait for the day to come when I catch that flight back home. Only now I have decided to prolong my stay as I have one problem to solve and I would like to do it before I leave. When are you vacating this house?"

"Vacating?" Arti's voice grew shrill and loud. Arvind hurried in.

"What is going on here?" he asked looking anxiously at the two faces.

"She wants us to vacate," Arti pointed a short finger at her.

"Shiela!" Arvind came to sit next to her. "Where will we go? After all this has been my home. . ."

"Was," interrupted Shiela. "Mummy has left the house to me in her will and since I have other ideas than accommodating you both, I would prefer you don't waste my time and yours. You can move now to the luxury flat you purchased with mummy's money. If you don't agree I will file a suit tomorrow."

They knew she had given them an ultimatum. Silently they left the room. A month later they moved into a three-room flat close by. She had not seen them since as she had been busy putting into operation a plan that had formed in her mind ever since the day she had come to know that the house had been left to her.

She had called her mother's sister and chalked out her plan.

"Aunty, I want to turn this place into a home for the aged. You will be in charge. I can't think of a better person than you as you are also a widow and know all the problems facing the older generation. We will add a new wing and will send you as much money as you need. Dr. Banerjee will be our doctor and Mr. Luthra will take charge of all administrative details." Shiela paused. Mr. Luthra was their family lawyer and a good friend of her husband.

The plan was to be put into operation immediately. There could be no doubt as to its success. Her aunt enthused over the idea and life seemed brighter suddenly. If only her mother had been alive!

Shiela looked down at the soft clouds below them. If only her mother had been alive to see the happiness that had been generated in the house where she had lived and died! May be from wherever she was she would know that her faith in the morrow had not been misplaced even though the new day was not meant for the young but for the old

A HANDLOOM REVIVAL

Generally, the world of fashion demands a lot of change in designs, styles and colour combinations. But some fabrics like handlooms have not changed their traditional patterns for a long time. Recently however, efforts are being made to improve patterns and designs and to use better quality of material and colours. Some of the traditional patterns of intrinsic merit, which suffered a temporary eclipse, have been restored their pristine vigour, and look very vibrant and attractive.

Featured here are some of the sarees designed by MRS. P. SRINIVASAN. The traditional patterns on cotton and silk reflect the original style of the South.

"Soundarya" will hold an exhibition of these beautiful handloom creations on September 9, 1978, at the Crystal Room, Taj Intercontinental, Bombay.

Sarees presented by "Soundarya", Madras

1

Photographs : S. R. Satyakumar

1. Cotton sarees —
one cotton saree has an exclusive Rajasthani Bagru print, while the other has a dramatic composition in red, black and white.

2. The traditional touch —
a peacock blue pure silk Shankarappan saree has a plain border in real gold; the other is a Bagru printed silk saree. The print on navy blue enriches the pallav.

3. Captured for style — a Kota print saree in white and red has very delicate printed borders and pallav; the other is a Kanchipuram silk saree, called Jullunder saree, popular in Madras.

4. A family heirloom —
grandmother's checked saree in cotton revived with a silk border in magenta and the pallav in a combination of black, mustard and magenta.

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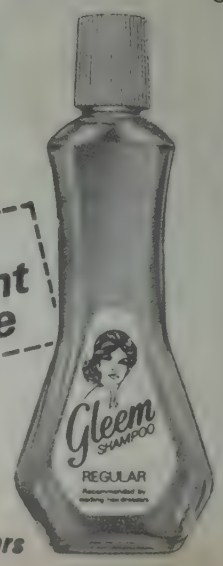

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madam
im adam

Phyllis came into the flat with a bundle in the crook of her left arm, and a basket-weave bag in the other.

"Well, now, what have you got there, darling?" I asked with genuine interest. "This," she said dipping her head to her left, "is Irene's eighteen-month-old daughter, Dinky."

I recoiled as if speared in the chest. "Good Lord!" I said. "Why in the world have you brought her here?"

"Don't be heartless, Confucius," said Phyllis. "Irene was suddenly called out this afternoon and asked me to look after Dinky, and I agreed."

"An act of heroism!" I said, and sank into a chair.

* * *

Phyllis headed for our bedroom. "Not there," I yelled, "take her to the kids' room." She made the right detour.

After about five minutes, I poked my head in and said, "Honey, the boss has asked me to put some spit and polish into a Market Research report. I'm gonna start now and I'll have to concentrate like a scientist. So please keep the baby quiet. I suggest you powder a dozen sleeping tablets and slip it into her milk."

"Don't worry," said Phyllis. "I'll keep her quiet."

* * *

Before getting down to work, I pondered a bit about babies. I like them ranging from nineteen to twenty-five. But when they are only months old, they frighten the hell outa me. I sent up a prayer that Dinky would keep as quiet as a grandmother in church, and then settled down to the report.

Fifteen minutes went by and, surprisingly, peace reigned!

Then an ear-splitting cry rent the air and peeled the plaster off the walls. I reared up like a kangaroo that had backed into a cactus, and rushed into the kid's room. "What the hell's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing to worry about," said my wife. "Dinky's hungry, that's all. I'll fix her a bottle and she'll be as good as new."

"Oh, is that all?" I said. "For a moment, I hopefully thought you were patting her on the back with a hatchet."

"Monster," she said, "leave the room." I left the room.

* * *

The racket went on for what seemed like a helluva long time, and I felt like splitting the report down the middle. Then near silence. Phyllis peeped in and said, "Satisfied? Dinky's bottle is propped up on a pillow and she's drinking comfortably."

* * *

Proud of myself, I trotted into the drawing room and sank my spine into my favourite chair. A little later, Phyllis came in. She had Dinky in her arms and started walking up and down, patting Dinky gently on the back. She cooed as she did so. This I had to stop, so I said, "What are you supposed to be doing now?"

"I'm burping the baby," she said. I couldn't have heard right.

"You're what?" I asked.

"Burping the baby, stupid," she said. "After a feed, a baby has to belch, or she'll get indigestion. After she burps, she'll sleep easily."

"Hell!" I said. "I thought that custom belonged only in Bengal."

Phyllis continued pacing up and down and, dammit, she was still cooing. But Dinky must have had something against burping, because she didn't burp. Then Phyllis said something like, "Burp, Dinky-doo. . . ooo-chee-coo-chee-coo." I've never heard anything so revolting. Then, out of the blue, she said, "Good Heavens! I've gotta go. Here, Confucius, burp the baby for me."

She held the baby out to me. Lady, could you imagine my horror? But I couldn't very well let Dinky drop on a hard mosaic floor, could I? So I took her. Phyllis disappeared, and I walked up and down. The front door opened and Elsa Joan came in. She took one look at me and the baby, and did something she's never done before. She fainted!

G'bye now!

Adam

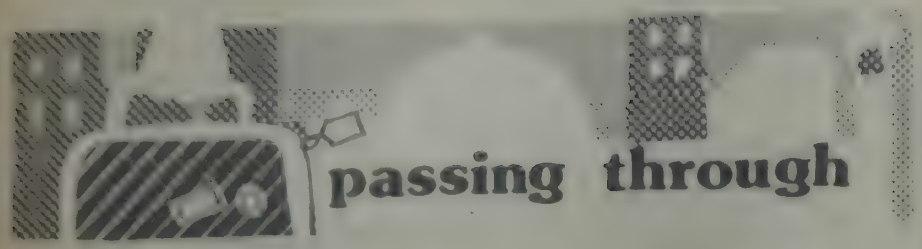
TABLE TALK

Did you know that human history owes more to the date than to any other fruit? For over 4,000 years, the date plam has been a blessing to mankind and dried ripe dates pressed into blocks (much as are still seen today at many greengrocers), or into smaller sugary cakes, were used both as a standard food and as a means of payment in ancient civilisations. To this day the departure from Israel and Iraq of yet another date-filled boat is greeted with spontaneous shouts of joy — a custom several thousand years old.

The dates we get are of the soft juicy variety, far superior in both sugar content and as keepers to the harder kinds eaten in their countries of origin. But we are hardly adventurous in the way we treat them. Baked dates, which need no added sugar and only a very little water to prevent sticking, make an excellent pudding dish if served with a good creamy custard, and try stuffing large raw dates with chopped ginger or pineapple. A really exotic jam can readily be made, by boiling up equal quantities of dates and bananas, with rather less sugar per pound of fruit than we usually use in preserve making.

Did you know that of all soft fruits, strawberries are the most difficult to preserve by canning or quick-freezing, without major loss of flavour and texture? Compared with the raspberry, tinned or frozen strawberries are frequently mushy shadows of their former fresh glory, and according to some experts, we are meant to eat this fruit only for a short time each year, when it is in season! But preserved strawberries, even if they cannot be completely revived, will respond to judicious pre-meal treatment. If they are very soggy, mash them boldly into a pulp, add Maraschino and turn them into a delicious flan. Almost any cherry brandy will work wonders, if the fruits are allowed to stand for a time in a dish with a generous dousing poured over them! To some tastes, Kirsch (a sprit distilled from wild cherries) is the best of all. Another tip that can result in an enormous improvement on out-of-season strawberries: is to sprinkle them very, very lightly with a dusting of pepper. This brings back their flavour wonderfully

David Gunston



passing through

JOY BILLINGTON:

'WASHINGTON STAR' COLUMNIST

Jyotsna Sheth

When I contacted Joy Billington of the "Washington Star" at the Taj, I found her a very informal person. Her casualness made it easy to break the ice, and I started by asking her about the milestones in her journalistic career.

"It is really fantastic how I got into journalism. When I was 18, my father got transferred to Australia and I left England with him, but as soon as I was 21, I took off for the nearest accessible place and that was Singapore. I was not prepared to stay on in Australia and be treated like a second-class citizen for simply being a woman."

Joy was lucky. While on her way to Singapore, she made friends with a journalist, who very gallantly told her, "If in three weeks, you don't find a job, contact me." She began as a stringer in a newspaper and managed to carry out her assignments helped by her friend from the ship in writing the features as well as typing them.

Joy has a way of making light of her achievements and if she is as good a writer as she is a story-teller, it is easy to imagine the appeal of her pen. "I used my friend as a crutch for only about six weeks, and in that time, I pounded away like mad on the typewriter till I learnt typing. I also managed to do quite a few lead stories."

Later Joy married and started travelling around with her husband, "doing free-lancing whenever I could. My only regret is that being inexperienced I missed out on some of the best human interest stories, following the break-up of the colonial world. One could have done such warm accounts of real people."

But there were other important assignments and positions: an editorship with the Associated Press, Bangkok; editorial work with the United States Information Agency and a commission, among other things, to edit a book on Malaysian religious festivals. "These were interesting jobs and quite satisfying," Joy recalled, "but not enough of a challenge. I decided therefore to return home, and try Fleet Street."

Joy landed in London with her son, whom she placed in a public school (the marriage by now had broken up) and two suitcases. "I remember standing on Cromwell Road," Joy recollected, "with my baggage, not knowing where to go."

It was a critical period but Joy had guts. "I had not asked for any alimony because I am against that kind of dependence unless the children are too young or the mother too old.

Joy with Nargis Dutt discussing Indian films.

Joy found her earlier experience of little value for getting into Fleet Street. "The option was between provincial journalism or joining a modest publication. I decided on the latter, to be close to the heart of things. Luckily, I soon get a break with the London 'Times' on the women's page and I was finally in Fleet Street.

"But it was still limited journalism and as fashions do not basically interest me, I found it all very boring and decided to leave for the States."

Joy made her passage by working on board a ship as a press officer. "But on reaching San Francisco, I discovered that the air fare from there to New York was going to be costing me nearly the same as a direct flight from London!"

Breaking into American journalism was comparatively easy. "But I wanted to do something different, so I took off for Texas. I did a series of features which were later published in the colour supplement of the 'Daily Telegraph'."

Back in Washington, Joy attended her first press conference at the White House. "And it absolutely thrilled me. There must be few countries where the press is so free or aggressive as in the States. It is simply amazing, the easy access the reporters have to topmost government secrets. When I attended that conference in the White House, I was just a miniscule reporter from London, but it helped me determine to somehow get close to the source of power. From then on, it was only Washington for me."

Joy presently runs a column on the diplomatic doings for her paper, and covered Mrs. Carter's programmes. "This work is my third incarnation as it were. When I joined the 'Star', I once again found myself handling the women's page, but the name was a misnomer, for unlike in other countries, it was very much politics-oriented writing, a kind of socio-political coverage. One attended cocktail parties and kept one's ears open for the latest political fireworks. The page now has a new name, more fitting to its contents — Portfolio."

Joy, in addition to her journalistic commitments, is now handling another very major responsibility — that of being a headmaster's wife. "My husband is the principal of a boys' school and in this role, I am generally entertaining mothers over coffee. But luckily, even though I must appear very different from the traditional image, they have been very kind and accepted me, even though, at times, I have had to leave parties abruptly upon getting a call from the White House."

Joy is a perfectionist. "I never go for interviews unprepared. Once the story is done, however, it is a closed chapter and I am eager for the next challenge. You asked me about the important persons I have interviewed, but honestly, I find it difficult to recall. Off-hand I remember interviewing Andrew Young, George Wallace and Indira Gandhi, whom I found to be very responsive."

With each story, Joy confesses, it is the same tension. "Every new story finds me as apprehensive as a fresher. I go through hell and almost pour sweat and blood, till I am thoroughly exhausted, with almost 70 to 80 per cent of my mental energy expended.

"When on important interviews, I am almost like a sponge, saturated with details and information. It is absorption, almost to the point of self-abnegation, till it it is all written out and then I am jubilant."

Joy, on her way home from Australia, had to overfly India, "and this tempted me to take a stop in the country and try and do a feature on the film industry. Sunil and Nargis Dutt have been very kind and introduced me to a number of noted film personalities. I have also managed to see quite a few films, mainly escapist, but if that is what people want I find no fault with them. In fact, I myself greatly crave entertainment and Indian films that way, offer everything — dance, music, colour, romance."

Although an ardent journalist, Joy regrets that such writing is so infinitely perishable. "A story, however good, is valued only till the next one and this results in a constant sense of insecurity, a reason perhaps why journalists are such neurotics. Occasionally, one finds a story has been remembered and this gives a momentary thrill, but generally, once an assignment is over, it is all done and forgotten."

Modern journalism, according to Joy, is opinionated and aggressive. "The element of objectivity is becoming less and less. We were trained as reporters to follow a very strict code of discipline to the extent that even when asked, we hesitated to give personal comment. I don't feel very comfortable doing things the new way."

The twin responsibilities of being a headmaster's wife and managing a busy schedule as a top journalist, leaves Joy little time to pursue other interests, "But I love gardening, music, ballet and entertaining myself to my own cooking."

The journalists in Washington are a respected community and enjoy considerable power, but "the women," Joy says, "are still regarded as lesser professionals and have to prove themselves twice as much as men to reach anywhere."

When it was time to take leave, Joy courteously saw me to the door, remarking, "Don't forget to send me a copy of the interview. And remember, even if I am doing a tough job, I am all woman."

FRUITY FLAVOURS

Premila Lal

Fresh fruit makes eating a delightful treat whether in salads or in ice-creams. They turn out marvellous desserts when combined with various types of puddings and pies. It is almost impossible to find a really new pudding idea to impress your family every day. Try and break the monotony and make the best use of fresh fruits available during the season and create an array of luscious desserts of your own or try some of these delicious recipes.

SAVARIAN ALA ANANAS

25 grams flour
2 eggs
11 grams yeast
45 grams sugar
25 grams butter
Pinch of salt, lemon juice and vanilla essence
Yellow colour
¼ litre milk
6 pineapple (slices)
1/8 litre whipped cream
1 cup mixed fruits, diced

Mix the flour, eggs, yeast, sugar and butter together. Whip it with a pinch of sugar, lemon juice, vanilla essence, yellow colour and milk. Pour this mixture in a ring mould. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. Let it cool. Decorate with pineapple slices and whipped cream. Fill the centre with diced fruits.

APPLE PUDDING

3 tbsps. flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. cinnamon powder
Pinch of salt
1 egg
¼ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla essence
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
½ cup walnuts, chopped
4 medium apples, peeled, cored, and diced,
Sweetened whipped cream

In a small mixing bowl combine flour, baking powder, cinnamon and salt. In a large mixing bowl beat the egg. Gradually beat in sugar and continue to beat until light and fluffy. Stir in dry ingredients, vanilla essence, and lemon rind. Fold in walnuts and diced apples. Turn mixture into a buttered 9-inch layer cake pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 °F) for 45 minutes. Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream.

BANANA AND CHOCOLATE TRIFLE

8 small sponge fingers
4 bananas, sliced round
1 cup lemon curd (recipe given below)
100 grams drinking chocolate
2 cups milk
3 eggs
Juice of 1 lemon
1 tsp. sugar
½ cup whipped cream
1 tbsp. walnuts, chopped

In a deep serving bowl layer up the sponge fingers and spread of the lemon curd. Sprinkle sugar and lemon juice over the fingers

slices and mix well. Place the slices over the lemon curd, reserving a few for garnishing.

Boil the milk and dissolve the chocolate in it. Allow to cool. Beat the eggs well and add the sugar. Pour in the chocolate milk and heat gently until it thickens. Pour half over the bananas. When quite cool, pour in the remaining half. Garnish with whipped cream, walnuts and remaining banana slices.

LEMON CURD

6 eggs
6 lemons
175 grams butter
350 grams castor sugar

Put the butter in a double-boiler and stand in a saucepan quarter full of boiling water.

Sieve the sugar. Squeeze the juice of the lemons into a small bowl and grate the yellow part of the rind. Break eggs into a large bowl and beat. When the butter has melted add the sugar, lemon juice, and rind. Stir well. Then add the eggs. Stir the mixture over boiling water until it thickens. This should take about 20-30 minutes. When cool pour into jars and seal, using as and when required.

PEACH AND APRICOT MOUSSE

2 cups cooked peaches and apricots, crushed
1 cup castor sugar
A pinch of salt
1½ tsp. gelatin
Juice of ½ lemon
2 cups cream
1 tbsp. finely chopped nuts

Mix the sugar and salt with the fruit and keep aside. Soak the gelatin in 2 tablespoon of water and keep aside. Line one or two ice cream trays with foil and keep aside. Add ¼ cup boiling water into the gelatin and stir till dissolved. Chill. When chilled, add the lemon juice and pour mixture over the fruit. Mix well. Whip the cream and fold into the fruit mixture. Pour into the foil-lined trays and freeze. When set, serve in individual cups topped with chopped nuts.

PEACH TRIFLE

1 large round sponge cake
4 large peaches or 6 medium-sized ones
1 tbsp. sugar
1 tbsp. castor sugar
1½ cup whipped cream
1 tbsp. chopped walnuts

Cut the cake in half. Peel and core the peaches. Cut into eights and place in a pan with the sugar and enough water to cover the fruit. Boil until the sugar has dissolved. Lift peaches and arrange in a circular pattern over one half of the cake. Pour half the syrup from the fruit over it. Cover with half the whipped cream and then place other half of the cake on top. Now pour the remaining syrup over the top of the cake. Let it stand. Before serving, cover with the remaining cream and garnish with walnuts.

BAKED FRUIT CHARLOTTE

750 grams cooking apples
4 tbsps. sugar
1½ cups breadcrumbs
¾ cup suet, shredded (fat)
Pinch of cinnamon powder
1 tsp. lemon juice

Peel and core the apples. Cut into small cubes and place in a pan with 3 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice, cinnamon and a very little water. Bring to the boil, then lower flame and simmer gently until the fruit is tender. Stir in the remaining sugar and cook for 1 more minute. Remove pan from fire and keep aside.

Mix the suet and breadcrumbs together lightly. Grease a pudding dish and use some of the breadcrumb mixture to press in a layer at the bottom of the dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for about 10 minutes and remove.

Now place some of the apple mixture in a layer over the breadcrumbs. Fill with alternate layers of apples and breadcrumbs, ending with a layer of breadcrumbs. Return to a moderate oven and bake for about 45 minutes or 1 hour, or until the top is a rich brown colour. Serve hot or cold.

BAVARIAN RASPBERRY CREAM

1 kg ripe raspberries (strawberries can be used too)
1 cup sugar
2 tsps. gelatin
2 cups whipped cream
1 tsp. lemon juice

Crush the fruit with the back of a fork and stir in the sugar. Keep aside for ½ hour. Now dissolve the gelatin in a cup of water and add to the fruit along with the lemon juice. Mix well. Allow to chill till almost set, then fold in the whipped cream. Pour into a wet mould and chill overnight, or for about 14 hours.

cuckoo lal
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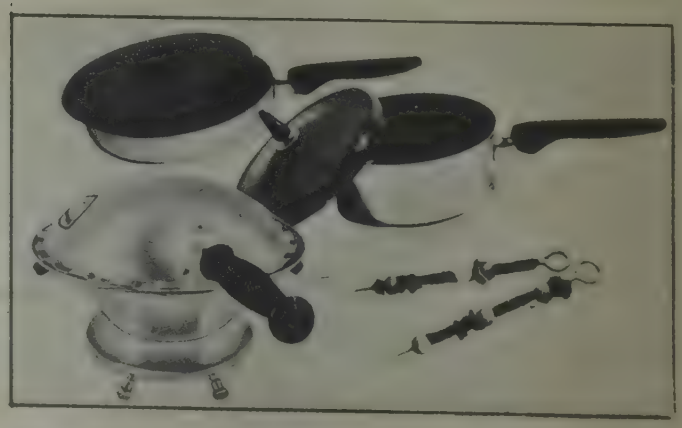
MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00, 1) A SUPERCOOK Gas Tandoor with two skewers from M/s. GLOBE SUPER PARTS, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, and 3) A 185 mm Fry Pan (Sept.); a 185 mm Saucepan (Oct.); and a 280 mm 14 gauge Tava (Nov.); from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

recipes from our readers

Mrs. Usha G. Trivedi, Bombay.

BISCUIT CAKE

200 grams Marie biscuits
1½ cups home made butter
1 cup powdered sugar
3 tsps. drinking chocolate
8-10 cherries
8-10 cashewnuts
½ cup milk
½ tsp. vanilla essence
½ tsp. pineapple essence
2-3 biscuits, powdered

Sift sugar and chocolate separately. In a mixing bowl, beat sugar and butter with a wooden spoon in one direction only till the mixture is smooth and stiff. Blend chocolate and both the essences. Mix well.

Take a plate, and spread out the biscuit powder. Take few biscuits and dip them for a second in milk, remove and arrange them in a plate over the biscuit powder to a desired shape. Cover this biscuit layer with the chocolate mixture with a sprinkle of biscuit powder. Repeat this biscuit and chocolate mixture four to five times. Cover the sides with the mixture. Decorate with cherries and cashewnuts. Freeze for 5 to 6 hours before serving.

Miss Swathy Anand, Kerala.

BREAD FRUIT KURMA

1 kg bread fruit (pre-ripe)
1 medium size coconut (grated)
1 tbsp. salt
1 tbsp. cooking oil
A pinch of turmeric powder

GRIND TO A PASTE:

6 onions (small)
6 pods garlic
3 dried chillis
1" piece ginger
1" piece cinnamon
3 cloves
2 cardamoms
10 grams coriander seeds

FOR SEASONING:

1 tbsp. ghee
1 tsp. mustard seeds
2 cloves
2 large onions, chopped

Extract thick and thin milk from the coconut. Remove the skin and central core of breadfruit and cut it into three-fourth inch square pieces. Cook it with turmeric powder and salt.

Keep a pan on fire with cooking oil. Add the ground masala and cooked breadfruit pieces. Allow it to boil for two minutes. Add the thin extraction of coconut milk and when it boils remove and add thick extraction.

Fry the mustard seeds, cloves and chopped onions in ghee till it is golden brown. Season the kurma and serve hot.

1 weekly winner

Mrs. Parvati Ranganathan of Kerala wins Rs 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries and a gift hamper from Weikfield.

JACKFRUIT CURRY

3 cups tender jackfruit pieces
¾ cup refined oil
1 cup coconut milk extract
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE:

½ cup coconut, scrapped
2 tomatoes
2 onions
3 pods garlic
4 cloves
4 small cardomoms
1" piece dalchini
1" piece ginger
1 tsp. poppy seeds
1 tsp. coriander seeds
½ tsp. turmeric powder
¼ tsp. red chilli powder
½ tsp. cummin seeds

Pressure cook the jackfruit pieces in 5 cups of water. Fry the ground masala in oil till golden brown. Add the cooked jackfruit pieces along with the water. Simmer for a while till the curry is thick. Add coconut milk when the curry is ready. Serve hot with puris, chappatis or rice

Padmini Kandaswamy
New Delhi.

PLANTAIN FLOWER DAL CURRY

1 plantain flower
400 grams arhar dal
1 tsp. mustard seeds
4 red chillis
2 green chillis
10 tbsps. sesame oil (til)
A pinch asafoetida
Salt to taste

Peel off the outer coverings of the plantain flower and preserve the flowers which are in branches. Cut all the flowers to small sizes and boil the flowers with a little salt. After boiling, drain it and keep aside. Soak arhar dal in water for 2 hours. Drain the dal and grind it coarsely with green chillis and red chillis, salt and asafoetida. Make the ground paste into four balls and steam in an idli vessel. After steaming remove the balls and keep them aside.

Heat the oil in a frying pan. Put in mustard seeds. When they begin to splutter add the boiled plantain flower and steamed dal balls. Fry it well. Serve hot with rice or chappati.

Miss. Hazel Tellis, Lucknow.

SHRIKHAND

1½ kg curd
100 gram almond (optional)
100 grams cashewnuts
100 grams raisins
1 kg sugar
Essence
A little saffron

Put the curd on a clean fine muslin cloth, tie up and let it hang overnight to drain out the water completely. Next day remove the mixture from the cloth.

Wash and soak the raisins for at least an hour. Put the mixture in a vessel and add sugar. Keep stirring till the sugar dissolves. Add the saffron in it. Cut almonds lengthwise and cashewnuts into halves. Remove the raisins from the water and clean them well. Put the shrikhand in separate bowls and decorate with raisins, almonds and cashewnuts. Put in the fridge to cool before serving.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

Today is a typical day for Pierre Henri Chalfont: he has supervised the showings of his autumn haute couture collection, developed an ou-la-la ensemble for an international Oscar-winning actress and three exquisite bedsheet designs for New Great Mills.

Monsieur Chalfont has an irrepressible joie de vivre (joy of life). Every day he wakes punctually at noon at his elegant Louis XIV–appointed apartment in Neuilly. And off to the Bois de Boulogne for an hour's cantering on his chestnut mare; accompanied by his mistress of the month...you know how the French are.

And deep within his febrile imagination, new ideas are afoot. And when he sits down and works them out, you have another typical day in the life of Monsieur Pierre Henri Chalfont, designer par excellance.

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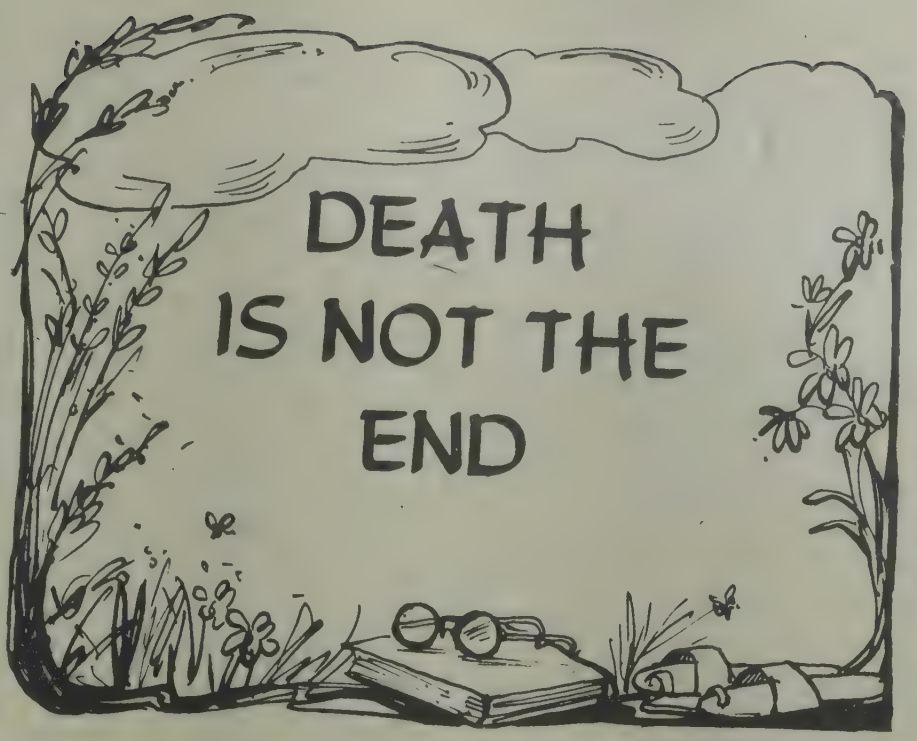


When somebody you care for is lost to you forever, you wonder: is all life to end in just a whiff of incense? Just tears and prayers? Just fragrance and ashes? Never to see that face again, except in pictures? Never to hear that voice again, except in memory?

When I walked to my mother-in-law's last place of rest, I found it difficult to believe that it was all over. That the generous, kindly, energetic person I had known for eight years, good-natured and gentle-hearted, was to be no more. At home, the empty bed, one place less at the dinner table, the cupboard full of clothes, the pair of slippers, the spectacles, all suddenly became meaningful. What I had not seen in them before, I saw now.

The past became beautiful. Times spent together in happy exchange of news each evening now hang like a rainbow in the mist that death brings. Memory is a link between the yesterday that has gone by and the tomorrow yet to come. We miss her not so much in our moments of trouble, as we do in our moments of happiness. Celebrating a birthday. Eating mangoes. Discussing politics. Going through old pictures. Window-shopping. Listening to Juthika Roy. But I think she is still there amongst us. A quiet, guiding spirit.

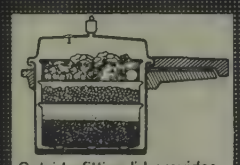
"How will he walk?" my neighbour's child had asked when an elderly person had expired in our house, some years ago. "He has left his walking stick behind." It is like that. They go alone and empty-handed, who must. If we have appreciated them while they lived and shown them that we cared, then we are consoled when they do depart. If we have not, then our remorse is well-deserved.

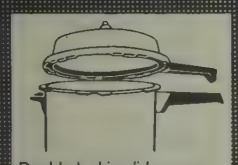
When the curtain will fall we do not know. On whom it will fall, we do not know. We dare not guess. We can only hope that there shall be some requital for the trials and tribulations of this life.

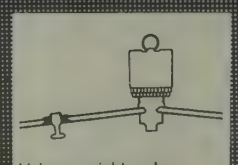
All life ends. But not in tears and ashes, as we believe. Not in disillusion and distress, as it seems to us. It ends in fragrance and splendour. Fragrance of a beautiful life left behind for others to learn something from. And splendour. Splendour of a soul that lifts happily from the surface of the earth to become one with its Creator. That is the consolation for us, who are left behind.

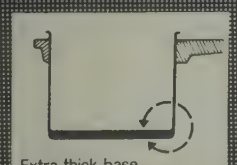
Thrity E. Bharucha

8 reasons why...


Outside-fitting lid provides maximum cooking space – with or without separators; for greater fuel economy.


Double locking lid ensures cooker cannot be opened while there is pressure. Safe and easy to use.


Unique weight-valve maintains optimum pressure Safety-valve ensures total safety in 3 ways.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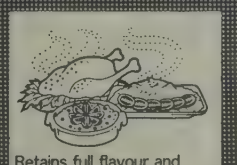
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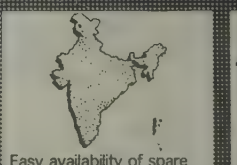
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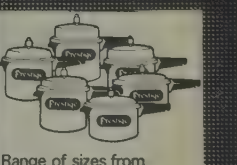
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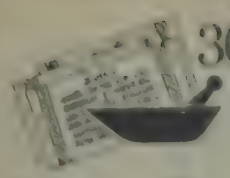

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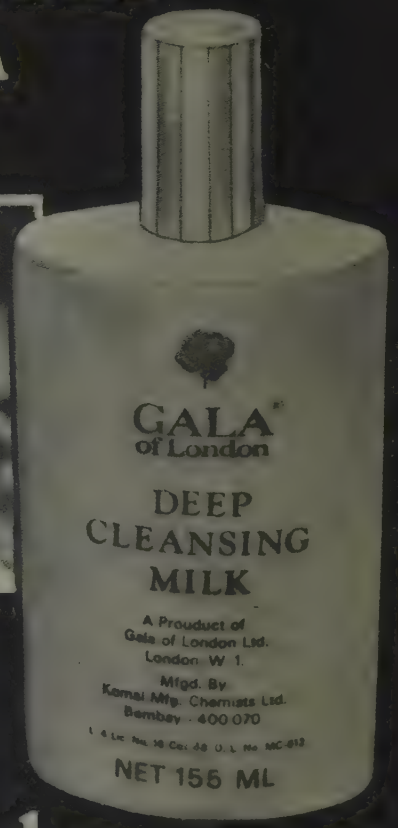

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BEAUTY CARE DURING PREGNANCY

YOU CAN BE BRIGHT AND ATTRACTIVE, OR A GROANING, BULKY WOMAN DURING PREGNANCY — SO MAKE YOUR CHOICE

Meher Castelino

It is probably the happiest day of your life when you discover that you are pregnant and will soon create a new life. You realise that your whole body and mind are geared to this new life that is growing within you and you tend to let yourself take second position while the all-important little being grows. That is exactly what you should not do as nine months of neglect will take you a long time to remedy. Looking after your figure, skin and hair should be your prime concern during the "waiting" period. Yes, your figure is important and you cannot sit back and say, "But it is getting out of control". You can be a slim, pretty pregnant girl; or you can be an overweight, heavy, bulky woman who groans every time she has to move. So make your choice.

Now we come to the important question — how much weight should you put on? Depending on your physical appearance, you should watch your food intake. An average woman adds 20-25 pounds to her total body weight when she gets pregnant. This extra weight is roughly divided into one third baby weight, one third the placenta, the baby's support system, and one third extra body fat which is needed at the time of breast feeding when the demands in your calorie reserves are quite high. Some mothers actually lose weight while nursing.

The popular saying, "Eat for two" does hold good, but many a woman has spent the rest of her life regretting it when she has overdone it! The saying is more relevant in terms of quality and not quantity.

Quality does not mean the choicest, most expensive foods but a good sensible diet. Your doctor has probably prescribed additional vitamins, calcium and iron tablets which are needed for your body and the baby's growth. In addition, you can concentrate on foods rich in proteins which are great body builders. Fruits, vegetables, eggs, cheese, fish are a must on your list while sweets, cakes, puddings can take second place as they kill your appetite. Milk should be given top priority, but preferably skimmed.

"Morning sickness" is wrongly termed because it does not strike only in the mornings, but sometimes stays on the whole day for the first three months of pregnancy causing discomfort to many women. This reduces the actual food intake and some women sometimes lose a little weight. But try and take fruits and juices instead to compensate for the lack of solids.

When in an advanced stage of pregnancy try and keep your salt intake to a minimum. Excess salt may lead to swelling of the feet and an increase in blood pressure which doctors advise you to avoid.

Your bowels should be in good condition, too. You cannot afford to be constipated and strain yourself. Take a mild laxative after consulting your doctor. Your kidneys need constant flushing, so drink plenty of liquids and if possible coconut water every day.

Since your body is expanding every day it is vital that the skin and muscles are well cared for. Breasts start getting heavy from the first few months, so see that you invest in a good bra. Once the muscles start sagging, you are in trouble.

The same holds good for the skin and muscles of the stomach. From around the third month, apply oil on the stomach, breasts and hips to keep the skin supple and elastic enough to resist stretch marks.

Facial skin is next on the list, and it actually blooms. The extra vitamins and good food give a glow to many a pregnant woman's face. In some cases acne and blotchy skins improve tremendously. Oily skins also become less oily as the baby's demand is greater.

During pregnancy keep your make-up to the minimum. An eye-liner, a gentle moisturiser, lipstick, and you are ready to face the world. Your extra weight may prevent you from tending to your feet more often, so avoid nail polish and keep toe nails clipped short and clean.

Feet are important if you want to be comfortable throughout the day. Sensible, low heels with a steady base will help prevent varicose veins and relieve tension in the feet. Whenever your feet ache, lie down with legs propped on pillows and relax. Avoid standing in one place for too long. Walk about to keep the blood circulating. Leg cramps are also common. These can be relieved by stretching the legs.

Hair looks shiny, bouncy and full of life for the same reason the skin does. Resort to an easy-care style from early pregnancy and leave it in its natural state as far as possible. No hot sets and hard lacquer or back combing. But your "crowning glory" will remain so only till the baby is born. After a few weeks hair will start falling, and sometimes at an alarming rate, but this is normal.

Clothes-wise, you have never had it so good. The trend right now is the "over-sized look." So what your bachelor girl-friend can wear, you too can. Gone are the days of the shapeless and dull smocks and maternity tops. Today's pregnant woman can step out in style in the latest fashion wear, which will be as useful to her even after the baby arrives. Some of the big dresses can be worn belted or loose before and after delivery. Your choice of fabrics should be restricted to cool, soft ones which drape and flatter your shape without emphasising your stomach.

Last but not least, your general frame of mind during the nine months should be calm, cool and relaxed — no tensions, no unnecesary bursts of anger. Keep yourself occupied at office or at home. Don't lie in bed throughout the day; try and stay active.

You will be a target at times of a lot of unasked advice by friends who have gone through the childbirth routine and think they know everything. Most of it will be scary and gloomy. Listen, but do not get concerned. Follow your doctor's instructions and soon you will be holding that little bundle of Joy!

TUITION: A NEED

I don't know whether the people on my road are religious or not, but there is one sort of chanting that I hear regularly every evening — sometimes even as late as ten o'clock: the boy in the next building doing his homework. He sits on the bed, rocking up and down, while his father rakes up his question-answers, meanings, tables etc.

The first time I heard him, I was immediately made to relive rather painful memories of hurrying anxiously through my dinner to finish my lessons, missing films in the evening because of too much homework, praying frantically half the night that our homework books would not be taken up the next day by our teacher, my parents not buying a T.V. set because it would prevent us from doing homework — all those wretched aspects of school life.

The experiences of the boy next door and of myself are common to most school children in India, but in recent times something else has been added to either solve or aggravate the homework headache of children: the tuition teacher. There is this other girl I know who, from the age of five, has had a tuition teacher to help her do her lessons. While all the children are playing downstairs, every evening for the past seven or eight years, this lady trots in with a snappy, business-like walk and this girl leaves her hide and seek game and runs up to study.

Almost every teacher, if asked how much he or she earns, would be in a position to say: so much through teaching, so much through tuitions, since the earnings through tuitions do form a sizable, if not the major, part of his or her income. Apart from this, one sees even students — those just out of school or college students — giving tuitions.

Why is the tuition system so common today? Is it that more and more students genuinely need to take tuitions, or is taking tuitions becoming a sort of fad among those who have plenty of money to spare?

I decided to discuss this topic with a few teachers. Most of them are senior school teachers who have not only been in the teaching profession for many years, but have also been giving tuitions all along. Two of the teachers teach Hindi. In Bombay, especially among "convent school" students, Hindi is one of the subjects which most children feel they need to take tuitions in. The usual problem is that Hindi is not their mother-tongue, and correct Hindi is rarely heard in Bombay. Therefore, even otherwise intelligent students want to take Hindi tuitions to prevent low marks in Hindi bringing down the total results.

Mrs. S. Bavdekar, one of the teachers, felt that this is not ample justification for students to neglect this subject from the start and get frantic about it a few months before their S.S.C. exam. And that the main reason for the rush for Hindi tuitions is that a large section of the students of English-medium schools are genuinely contemptuous of Hindi as a language, and the culture built around this language.

Most teachers blamed the present syllabus and the educational system for enhancing the popularity of tuitions. Mr. Sharma said that it is too vast for enough attention to be given to each lesson or topic. Mrs. Bavdekar said that there should be much more grammar, since a strong foundation in grammar enables students to express themselves. Both teachers felt that there should be less emphasis on lessons on religious topics, less of Kabir and Tulsi Das and other old-time writers, because the sort of students they teach are generally not interested in such lessons. There should also be some scope and incentive for oral Hindi, because few students can speak Hindi corectly and fluently.

Between too rich parents, their indifferent children and unscrupulous teachers, private tuition has acquired a bad odour as an underhand means for undeserving students to secure high marks

Soma Sen

The third teacher I spoke to gives tuitions in the Science subjects. There are various types of students who come to him: those only interested in getting through the exams; those who are interested in knowing more about the subject and by acquiring extra knowledge outside the syllabus, in gaining proficiency; and those who do quite well, but want to get even higher marks.

The popularity for tuitions in Science and Mathematics has definitely been accentuated by the 10 + 2 + 3 system. This same teacher said that although, as a teacher, he would get greater satisfaction out of teaching in detail, it becomes too much of a burden on the students. "If, as the Kothari Commission report says, students should have an overall knowledge, then the depth of that knowledge cannot be much," he said.

Apart from this, according to most teachers, Science and Mathematics are subjects that are somehow difficult to grasp. Students need a certain aptitude for

tuition: to meet

Like all human activity, or most of it tuitions have their positive side. From long experience, I have come to recognise their value. Not many people may share my views on the subject. I know that it is widely felt, as one observer puts it, that tuitions constitute "one of the gravest ills and a serious threat to the quality and standards of Indian education." (The Great Classroom Hoax by V.V. John.) I consider this a one-sided assessment of the problem, and I shall explain why.

It is true of course that it has today become almost fashionable to give and take tuitions. Yet, more often than not, it is done out of sheer necessity on both sides. The obvious fact of mounting enrolment makes individual attention to the learner impossible. With mass education in factory-like conditions, many students never really learn anything at all. This situation is at least partially mitigated by turning to tuitions. For almost the first time, the child feels wanted and cared for. Personal give and take between teacher and student, in a setting where they enjoy some privacy instead of being exposed to hundreds of eyes, makes the growth of the mind possible. It is an experience valued by both parties.

Despite the bad odour it has acquired, private tuition has a legitimate place in education, with individual attention to students completely absent in our overcrowded classrooms

Kavita Ezekiel

Shy children, who are afraid to ask questions in class, relish the prospect of being able to confront a teacher with their difficulties. The personal contact serves a human need. In today's educational ethos, this factor assumes very special importance.

Parents, even if concerned and interested in the education of their children, are sometimes unable to help them in certain subjects for obvious reasons. Not only are the subjects themselves new, ways of teaching them are new too, and unfamiliar to the parents. Modern mathematics is a case in point. The teaching of languages poses another kind of problem. Most parents are quite helpless in this field. Tuitions provide one way out.

Working parents have little time to spend with their children. Some are conscious of this, and engage tuition teachers essentially as companions to their

BECOME A RACKET!

a felt need

them, whereas in the Arts subjects one can at least pass by learning by heart. (God forbid!) Now it is compulsory for all students to learn all subjects. Therefore more want to take tuitions.

This teacher spoke very vehemently about the condition of teachers in the country and kept declaring that teachers are exploited. In private schools especially, if there is any injustice inflicted on teachers by the management, they have nowhere to go and no one to turn to. Very few teachers can afford to go to court. Teachers are not only badly paid, but they get no other benefits, practically speaking, and in many schools they are not even paid on time. Therefore, according to him, the total lack of dedication, and the efforts of teachers to earn extra money through tuitions are justified.

The increasing demand for earning money through tuitions thus falls into the endless web of vicious circles in our education system, which prevents anything from being done to change things. The government budgets very little for education. It feels it cannot give more because of the present economic conditions, but unless there is ample and effective mass education, the economy of the country is not going to change. The low budget leads to low salaries among teachers, which means it is only those who do not get jobs anywhere else who decide to teach, as a rule. This rules out dedication among most teachers, for many of those who teach are doing it for the sake of earning money, not for the pleasure of imparting knowledge. (And who has a right to blame them?) Ill-qualified teachers, plus other connected reasons, result in the churning out of dull, sheep-like students. The few who shine academically take up jobs in which they will never put their academic knowledge to use, but will make money and live in superficial comfort. The comparitively dull, who could not get these coveted and prestigious jobs, might decide to teach and churn out further batches of dull, sheep-like students.

The teachers I spoke to did agree that some students need to take tuitions because their school teachers are not good enough. There are cases like that of a graduate in Sanskrit teaching Marathi, and one in Microbiology teaching Maths, and not all these people have the general knowledge to teach subjects other than the ones they specialised in.

What about the numerous cases of primary school children taking tuitions? The very idea sounds absurd, but there are various factors leading to the popularity of tuitions even for little children. One is the influx of people from all over India (looking for better jobs, or because of the transfer of the head-office of many commercial firms to Bombay) to this cosmopolitan city where many schools are English medium. The parents of such children probably find it difficult to help their children out, because of the language problem and the changes in the methods of instruction.

Another, rather hateful factor, is that parents are too busy making money, or spending the money they have made on clubs, parties, films, sessions at the beauty-parlour etc., to see to their children's homework. As one teacher puts it: parents who can afford it, like to put someone else in charge of each aspect of the child's day-to-day life — food, clothes, activities, etc. and now a tutor has just been added to the list. Many parents of this newly rich section proudly announce that they spend Rs. 100 a month on a "tuition-teacher" for their child yet another of the innumerable status symbols.

The teachers I interviewed agreed that most primary school children do not need tuitions; that in cases of such young children tuitions may even be harmful. The child can easily build up a strong sense of dependence on the tutor, which will prevent independent studying later on. It also upsets family relationships if parents cannot make time to look after their children's homework Yet, one wonders how many teachers think of this when such parents come with an offer for a tuition job. One also wonders what sort of teaching methods are these, where a primary school child not only needs to do extra studying at home, but needs parents plus a teacher to help him or her with homework.

Teachers interviewed also spoke of parents pressurising children into studying too much. Some parents expect all their children to do equally well, which is not practically possible. One teacher cited the example of a schoolboy who has turned insane because of the pressure from his parents to do well, both in his studies and extra-curricular activities.

This increase in academic competition has helped certain people to make the best of the situation — group tuitions are popular with a number of school teachers and students, since the amount each child pays is less, but the teacher earns quite a lot. Even the managements of various schools encourage such forms of extra-tuition; though often all that is done in these classes is the dictation of questions and answers to be learnt by heart.

Coaching classes have become almost a necessity to those competing later for the I.I.T. or medical exams. In fact, the leading coaching classes themselves ask for a high percentage of 70-75 for admission to their courses.

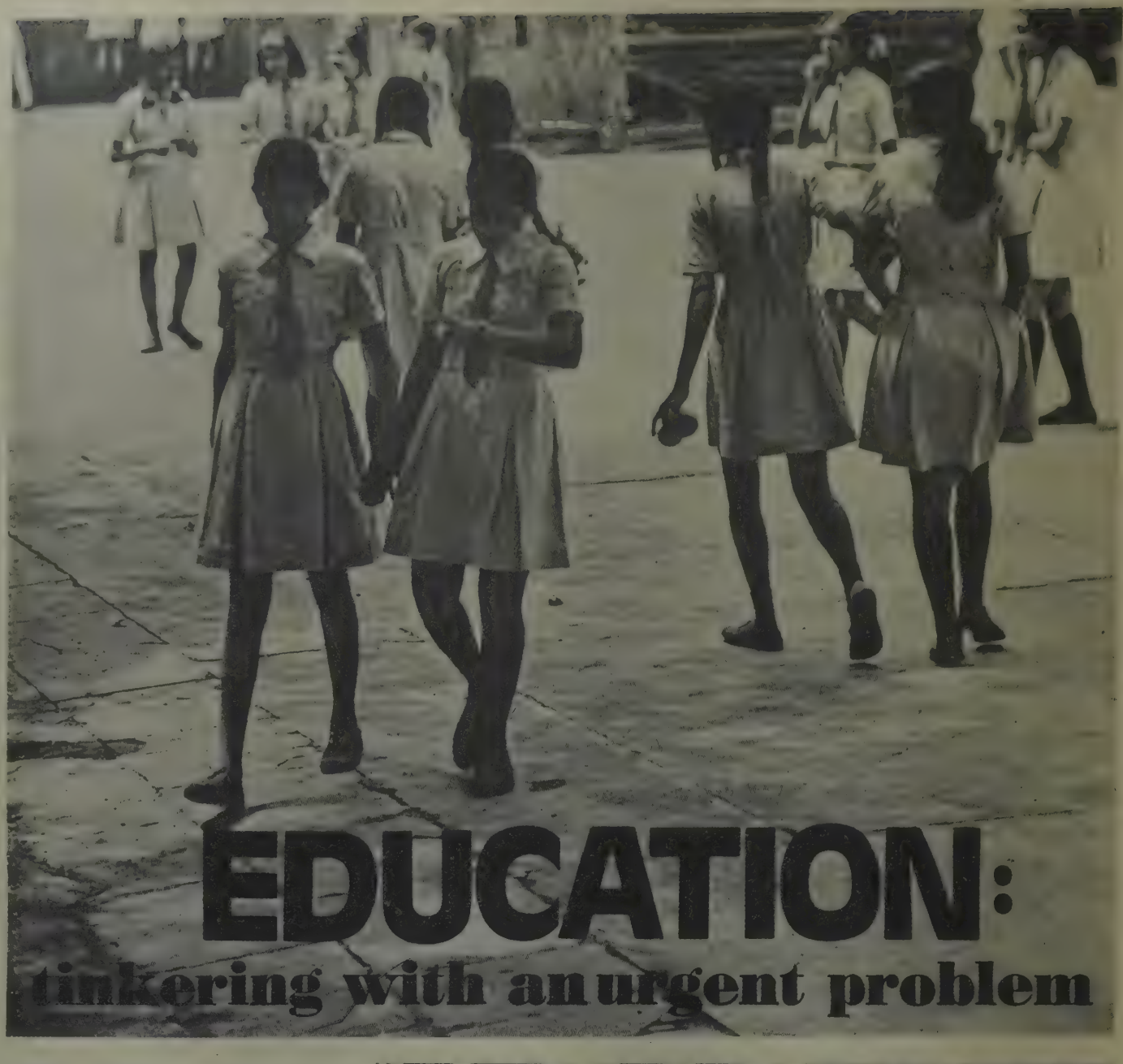
Speaking again of the harmful effects of taking tuitions, teachers said that it prevented students from paying any attention in the normal classes. They admitted frankly that students often read books in class or did other things, because they knew that their tuition-teachers would go over the same lessons in the evening.

Part of what is responsible for this sort of attitude is the lack of individual attention in class, which is not possible because of the large number of students, and which results in the children getting bored. Also, heavy, lengthy time-tables make students take the easy way out— keep a tuition teacher, and dream and fool about in class.

children rather than to coach them in particular subjects. So tuitions often fulfil a double purpose. Of course, only those who can afford it can choose this way of meeting the needs of their children, educational and emotional. Tuition rates are high, and keep increasing from year to year. Also, the teacher has to be aware of his expanded role. Otherwise he may play it very inadequately, and the student will suffer. Companionship cannot easily be bought, even when it is paid for.

Every teacher does not, and sometimes cannot, set a pace which suits all the students in his class. He does not or cannot allow for the various intelligence levels among them. What happens to those of lesser intelligence? They cannot cope, they experience misery, they develop an inferiority complex. Tuitions for such children may prove to be genuinely helpful, if the right kind of teacher can be found to take them up. The children concerned often make surprising progress when they get individual attention. The teachers who give them tuitions are inspired by the response, and develop positive beliefs in their own abilities as teachers, that much-needed faith which is often eroded in the classroom.

It has been pointed out that tuitions distract a teacher from classroom work. In my opinion, tuitions **can, given the right approach, reinforce and strengthen the teacher's classroom performance.** By teaching a subject to an individual student instead of always to groups in ever-increasing numbers, the teacher discovers new dimensions both to the subject and to the art of teaching. He perfects the practice of communication and persuasion. He grasps the intangible conditions in which learning really takes place. After that, the teacher has more to offer to the class.



EDUCATION: tinkering with an urgent problem

Where will our education system take us in the years to come? Interviews with people ranging from government officials to teachers to parents and students provide the basis for this, the second article in our series on social futures

Shahnaz Anklesaria

Stop by a group of mothers waiting before school gates to take their children home. Listen to them talk and you will feel the end of the world is near. Prices of dals soaring beyond reach, cheeky ayahs and, above all, the mess in education. "Those who have finished studying are lucky — goodness knows what's in store for our children," moaned a mother, carrying the satchel for her sturdy 10-year-old. "All this 10+ what not — I don't read the papers because even my husband cannot understand what's going on," shrugged another.

What does the future hold? Are we at all futuristic about our planning concepts? Eve's Weekly talked to people ranging from state officials to parents to students to glean their views on the future of education.

"The future is frightening. Everyone feels he is an expert and education is his field to interfere in," says Mrs. Kusum Kamat, recently elected State Education Officer of the Bombay Municipal Corporation. Mrs. Kamat has reason to be apprehensive. Well over six million youngsters attend the 1150 municipal schools in Bombay.

"We talk too much and do too little," she said, outlining all the laudable objectives laid down by the Union Ministry of Education. Three Commissions have been appointed after independence to look into the issue. All of them expressed dissatisfaction with the prevalent system, urged speedy reform and set down comprehensive views of what Indian education should evolve into.

"Why are all these excellent plans not executed?" Answering her own question, Mrs. Kamat stated that there are not enough funds for their implementation. Recommended laboratory facilities, equipment for vocational training, salaries to attract trained personnel — where are the funds for all this? Today just three per cent of our GNP goes to education. Conservative estimates demand at least a ten per cent allocation for education if by 2000 A.D. the implementation of decade-old recommendations is to become a reality. Otherwise we will struggle on, patching up the fabric piecemeal.

ABOVE: "Those who have finished studying are lucky — goodness knows what is in store for our children..." — a mother's lament.

But it would be crass optimism to expect any initiative from parents. The least vocal section, parents are, more often than not, undetected culprits who perpetuate the evils in the education system. Ask any teacher and she will confirm that parents decide their child's future by simply calculating which degree adds lustre to their names. "We will make one son an engineer, another a chartered accountant," they dream. Often there is more competition among parents than children, the latter being constantly compared with their next-door neighbours. How many parents can honestly say their primary concern is with developing their child's talent and personality?

A teacher for many years, Mrs. Kamat spoke of a little boy who had the best of everything, yet remained withdrawn. His hand-

People tend to dismiss student agitations, of which there are, once again, plenty, with irritated shrugs and shakings of heads. It would be more fruitful to understand the message the students are conveying, directly or indirectly.

writing was terrible. His father apparently spent hardly any time with him, speaking to him only to demand how far he had progressed. She suggested to the mother that the family go on outings together once a week and relax. They did and the boy's handwriting improved and he began to enjoy school much more.

"The atmosphere in the home affects the child's performance in every respect. I always tell my daughter that only one girl can stand first in class. Why all the competition?" asks Mrs. Kamat.

As we start growing out of our conventional priorities, we must also move towards a less rigid, more non-formal mode of education for the future. In an effort to suggest new patterns and set futuristic targets for Indian education, a group of educationists have joined the NCST Panel on Futurology and issued an interim report on education. They have suggested that there should be compulsory teaching of just the history of science and civilisation, world geography, international institutions and comparative religion.

They also envisage working towards the breakdown of the rigid sequence of school-college-university structure. Dr. Madhuri Shah, Vice-Chancellor of the SNDT University and a member of the Futurology sub-group on education, spoke of the experiments her university has conducted to end this rigidity. "No woman shall miss the bus. If she has not completed school and can still pass our university entrance course, she can join our correspondence courses."

Her concern, claimed Dr. Shah, is to see that if a woman is intelligent and capable, she should have the opportunity to study. "We must have tremendous flexibility in the structuring of a course, with minimum requirements."

The SNDT University has also started a polytechnic with courses like medical technology and pathology. You do not need a school leaving certificate to join these courses. "If they know enough to pass our entrance exam, they are admitted." Seventy-five per cent of those who have passed these courses, Dr. Shah says, have got employment.

"The whole exam-ridden system needs rethinking. There should be much more learning experience," maintains Dr. Shah. For a more relevant future, the status of exams must be levelled, with internal assessment being given much greater significance.

How aware is a young graduate of Indian social needs? Students that pour out of our isolated citadels of "learning" confess an abysmal ignorance of how different sections live, of national issues and demands. In the U.S., high school students discuss issues like "The Problems of American Education," for "Modern Problems" is a subject along with Maths and History. Indian schools must bring subjects down from the realms of academic and theoretical brain play. In an attempt to emphasise field work, Dr. Shah said that in certain undergraduate courses, her students can opt for field research. "If, for example, a girl is studying Economics and decides to study the expenditure pattern of slums, she will be given an exemption of 200 marks to defend her dissertation."

Meaningful changes are also being introduced at the school level. Environmental studies and community living are given the status of co-curricular subjects and cultural activities are also raised to this status.

Any futuristic view demands that education be related to the development needs of this country. "We cannot understand the problem of education or look for its solution in isolation. It must be connected with the economy and culture of our society," warns Anuradha Gandhi, a 24-year-old college lecturer.

Modern India needs educated people to apply their know-how for development. "The IITs and IIMs are elite organisations that train people. But that need is now satisfied." she says. Rather, there is a glut, for roughly 42 per cent of our educated are unemployed. Obviously, there is a distinct contradiction between present education planning and national development goals. Otherwise, specialised, trained personnel would not be forced to join railway booking offices or become municipal sweepers.

The Government is not entirely to blame, for the cost of generating employment for the educated is awesome. The programmes launched in State and Union Territories during 1972-73 cost Rs. 270 million and benefited just 70,000 educated people of which 11,000 were engineers. If, by the year 2000 A.D., India's population reaches the likely estimate of 960 million, an additional 500 million able-bodied citizens will be looking for employment. As Anuradha sees it, "The future is bleak."

"We invited an educationist, Ivan Illich, to come to India and tell us how to educate our children. He said, why have you invited me when you had a man like Mahatma Gandhi to tell you how to work? Such is our mentality. All our theories must be adopted from abroad," laments Dr. Aloo Dastur. Just retired as Head of the Department of Political Science from the University of Bombay, Dr. Dastur has represented India at the UN and the UNESCO on several occasions.

RIGHT: Many parents decide their child's future by simply calculating which degree adds lustre to their names.

Today just three per cent of our GNP goes to education. Conservative estimates demand at least a ten per cent allocation for education...

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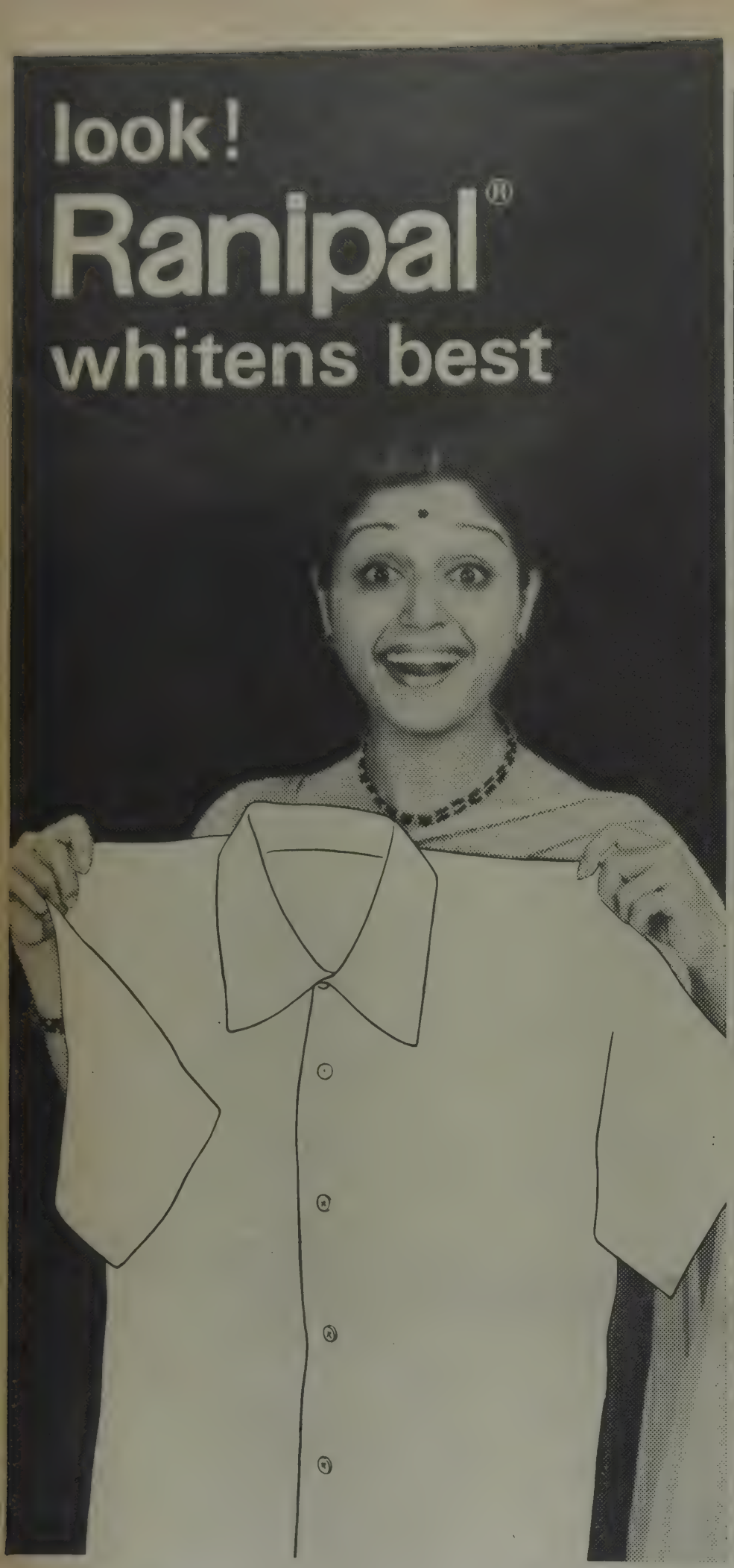

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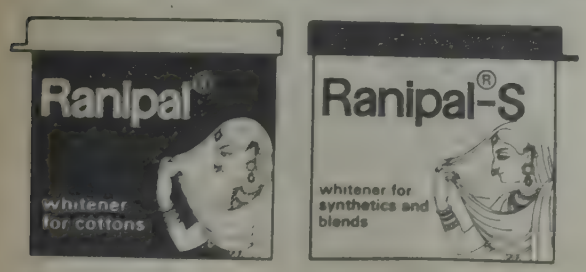

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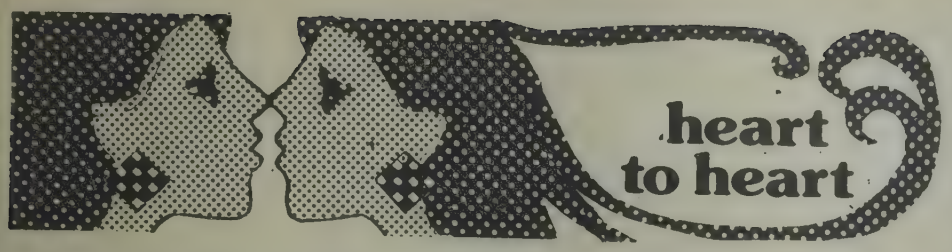

CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT

INTER-CASTE MARRIAGE

DON'T GET FRUSTRATED

I am 29, married for five years and have two children. Soon after my marriage, I learnt from my husband that he had sexual relations with a woman living abroad. From that day I am very frustrated. He loves me and the children deeply — even then I quarrel with him often because of this woman. I try to forgive him but am unable to do so. I am disgusted with life. What should I do?

You must not rake up the past and live by it. You should appreciate the fact that your husband loves you and the children dearly and that he was frank with you and told you the truth.

An unhappy home atmosphere will only make matters worse. You have a loving family and your husband is now faithful to you, so build a happy home for them. Do positive thinking and lead an active life instead of brooding over past events that are of no significance.

CONSULT A SEXOLOGIST

I am 30 and my husband is 37. Both of us are very healthy. We have been married for eight years and have children. We are a loving couple, but don't have satisfactory sex relations.

Whom should we consult about our problem? Will medicine help or is surgery necssary? We often avoid each other because it leads to frustration.

Your husband's condition may be the result of various factors. It is better to have a medical investigation. For this you should see a good sexologist who will do all the necessary tests and guide both of you. Kindly send a self-addressed envelope for their addresses.

NEEDS SERIOUS THOUGHT

I am a Hindu non-Brahmin aged 21 employed in a bank. I am in love with a working Brahmin girl from a poor family. She reciprocates my feelings. When I asked her whether she was willing to marry me, she replied that she was, but her parents would not permit this.

I told my mother about my interest in this girl. She said that if I marry her she would commit suicide. I met this girl at a temple one day and talked to her. Her father who happend to see us said that he is not agreeable to this match. He made her resign her job and she is now confined to the house. One day, she telephoned me to say that she is willing to live with me. Please advise.

If both of you genuinely love each other and are majors, then you can have a registered marriage. She will then be your your legal wife and there will be no trouble from her parents. Consult the Registrar of Marriages for further guidance.

But before you do this, you have to handle several situations tactfully. Since your mother is not in favour of this marriage, you will have to live on your own, or with some relatives or good friends. To avert any unpleasant events, you must try to bring round your mother to accept this girl. Get some elderly people, in whom she has confidence, to talk to her.

When the girl leaves her home you will have to see that proper arrangements are made for her stay till the marriage takes place.

But before taking these steps, both of you should find an opportunity to talk things over to see whether the marriage is worth all the risk. The girl must be firm. And you have to be very courageous to fight against such odds. Think over the pros and cons — only then decide what will be best in the circumstances.

EDUCATION:
Tinkering with an urgent problem

Why has this method of education, called basic education, not found acceptance? "Nehru had a vision of science and technology spread within the country. The best young men, intellect-wise plunged into science and technology in the 1950s — with the result that we have a superfluity of science graduates, engineers and technicians, whom the country cannot employ. For jobs did not multiply to that extent." It resulted in frustration and brain drain. Basic education is centered on a craft, making the child both independent and productive, says Dr. Dastur.

Franak Irani, a 28-year-old school teacher, has trained in the only teacher training institute in Bombay, Gandhi Shikshan Bhavan, which is implementing the philosophy of basic education. "This concept will come back to us through the West. It was enunciated long ago by great educators like Rousseau," she asserts.

Sulky back benchers become enthusiastic and vocal as they see things taking shape under their hands. They absorb information much faster as a result, she claims. "Of course, what is created must be so perfect that children can sell it and so perhaps even pay for their own studies." Manual labour becomes part of the curriculum and a whole new work ethic, Franak feels, can be established in India, where today, children from "good" families just do not work with their hands.

The Kothari Commission, she declares, has acknowledged the worth of this idea and given it some expression in the concept of "work experience" which it emphasised as a fundamental part of the curriculum. When the child leaves school, it can be equipped with a craft. "If it means sacrificing a subject and introducing a craft, it is worth it," says Franak. She regrets that changes are not tried out for long enough. Schools that half heartedly tried work experience in 1975 have given it up.

"We merely dilly-dally with the system. What is needed are bold changes," is Franak's assertion.

Mrs. Kamat is aware of this urgent need. She says that in many municipal schools, she has introduced tailoring and carpentry which the children are taught from class five. "At least they will then have some chance to get jobs outside."

A new syllabi will need trained teachers. They will have to be trained to act as facilitators of learning, and not remain lecturers, propounding theories. Are today's teachers equipped for future changes?

At present India offers a diploma teacher training course and a one-year undergraduate degree in education. Few go on to do the Masters in this subject. Teachers who pass through the training diploma course unhesitatingly call it a "fraud degree." An angry young lady said her professors give cyclostyled notes, a summary of textbook matter. "There is a very superficial understanding of the subject. None of the topics are dealt with in any depth." Another said she had attended just one lecture in the nine months of her course and was confident she would pass the exam!

Few teachers clamour for more adequate training because they reckon they cannot apply any modern methods to the conditions in which they operate. The rigid syllabi, the large number of students, the lack of facilities — the total educational environment is stifling. Management itself is indifferent to education. One young teacher described how the authorities "throw cold water on all our efforts. For simple things like organising lectures or sports, you come up against a stone wall." In her institute, part-time teachers are paid daily wages, "like casual labourers." They are not made permanent. "After our contract is over, it's terminated and sometimes we are retaken."

If authorities are at all concerned with adopting a futuristic outlook for education, the rights of teachers must be squarely stated. There must be avenues for quick legal redress. A climate must be created where a teacher has the confidence to launch out into innovative work and communication lines open for evaluation and feedback.

Listening to these diverse views, one conclusion is obvious. As never before, people at all levels are aware of the need for urgent rectifications, if not a complete overhaul, within the education world. Students are questioning orders to attend what they consider "irrelevant" lectures. Teachers are aware of the need to take on the enormous responsibility that innovative work demands. But parents have not yet seen the need for greater involvement. Nowhere are there parent associations demanding reform even within the school.

The future of education, in the final analysis, lies in the hands of the educated. Dr. Shah declares the future depends on how keen and involved you are and "your capacity to sell an idea." To which Anuradha Gandhi replies, "Money is so important and survival so difficult that to protect themselves, people may have to compromise. Everybody is not a fighter — but you can become one."

LEARNING AND TEACHING THROUGH HALF A CENTURY

Anna Joseph

The old ways of teaching were tough, but they were effective, and if there were fewer subjects to learn, they were learnt in greater depth

A fortnight ago, I reluctantly turned my back for the last time on the school where I did my final stint of teaching, bowing to the inevitable — the inability of the body to cope with what the mind and spirit wanted to continue to do. Since then, off and on, my mind has been flitting back and forth through half a century of learning and teaching experiences at various levels in four continents.

I am one of those who never got tired of teaching. Watching me wade through endless piles of 'composition' exercises, a young colleague once asked me why I was not tired of it all. (She was, after three years of it!) She was nonplussed by my honest answer that behind each assignment I saw a struggling youngster whose progress in expression (or sometimes, alas, the lack of it) either excited or challenged me.

One thing older people know they shouldn't do but keep on doing, is to talk nostalgically of "the good old days" as if everything was perfect then and nothing is quite right now—a kind of "those were the days" syndrome that never fails to exasperate the young.

Of course, times have changed, but some of the changes have been good and youngsters who emerge from good schools now seem more self-confident, versatile and knowledgeable than us. Unfortunately, however, a large number of sub-standard schools and colleges run by shady and unscrupulous characters have sprung up all over the place to cater to the needs of the proliferating school-going and college-going population. The training of young minds to think and expand is the least of their concerns and these institutions add to the ever-increasing ranks of the unemployed and unemployable graduates we have. Standards in Government schools also have plummeted to deplorable levels.

My mother's first attempt to create in me an enthusiasm for knowledge was a fiasco. That was fifty-five years ago and primary schools were not exactly alluring places then. I still remember slipping out of school furtively and slinking back home, on the pretext that I had a stomach ache. Mother looked grim and disbelieving, but I got away with it that day. A repeat performance the next day, however, was dealt with firmly, this time with the aid of a rod. I refrained from using that ruse again.

Primary schools continue to be dreary abodes of learning for millions of Indian children. To primary classes I only had to carry a slate, a pencil and a Reader. My grandchildren go to school nearly doubled over with the books and notebooks they are obliged to carry. They have attractive (and expensive) text books for Science and Social Studies even in Standard I. I presume they have more information at their age than I had, but at what cost!

There's too much pressure on kids these days, I'm afraid. Caught between teachers who have to "finish portions" and parents who seem to suffer from a pathological obsession with their children's grades, children these days undergo a great deal of strain. I have watched with compassion five-year-olds tearfully and sleepily trying to cope with their homework in the evenings, prodded by determined mothers. Multiplication tables, Hindi, English, the regional language, copy writing, the whole works.

We did not have so much to learn but possibly our teachers insisted on higher standards of excellence, perfection and attention to detail.

Of the lessons themselves I remember next to nothing, but since I can spell, write without mistakes and even in sleep say what seven times three-fourths is, having learned it from a tartar of a Maths teacher somewhere along the line, far be it from me to condemn the "old" system as outmoded and useless.

That reminds me of the First Standard teacher my daughter had in a school in Ethiopia where I taught in the higher standards. Every now and then we were startled by the full-throated, sing-song repetition of spelling and multiplication tables of the 40 children in Standard I. Even when Miss Martha went out for several minutes, her 'magic wand' left on the table kept the resounding crescendo going.

Now, I'm no expert and I'm not at all sure that the academics and educationists who sit on panels and hold forth at seminars would approve of her methods, but I do know that when they came to us in the higher standards we couldn't fault their handwriting, spelling or grammar and our students did remarkably well in their examinations and in their professional careers later.

My grandchildren colour 'sets' and circle the right numerals. I learned the multiplication tables the hard way, often accompanied by tears at home and a sinking felling in the pit of the stomach at the sound of the approaching footsteps of the Maths. teacher, in school. The passing of the years may have softened feelings, but I bear no ill will against that veteran teacher who would point an accusing finger at me demanding, "Nine times three-quarter?" Years later I taught his grandson English and occasionally threw a stiff one at him, but he was smart and I never did have my sweet revenge!

The only 'Pre-schools' known in my part of the country were single-shed affairs presided over by "the village school master." For a miniscule fee or its equivalent in rice, he trained his wards in the three R's. They traced their letters and numbers with their fingers in the clean river sand spread on the floor and the teacher wrote out letters and words on palmyrah leaves with a sharp instrument. Tied together, this formed their 'books.'

I myself did not go to one of these schools but a friend has told me that at the approach of the health officers who came for vaccination against small-pox, his teacher saw to it that they scurried in all directions and hid themselves until the men had left. Those who were caught and vaccinated were urged to smear the vaccinated area with cow dung then and there. Obviously,

ideas of infection were totally unknown to the teacher and the taught! And yet, I have been assured that those who went to these schools got a good foundation in the three R's.

In the fifth standard I was sent to a boarding school for girls from well-to-do families. For some reason it was called Preparatory Class. (Did we have trouble spelling and pronouncing that word!)

The English ladies who ran the school were a bit too pious and puritanical (we were not allowed to dress up for acting and even face powder was taboo!) but they did include in the curriculum subjects like Hygiene, First Aid, Child Care, Music and Art, which they deemed essential for the wholesome development of girls. The "daily dozen" (physical exercises) kept us trim, everyone slept on mats on the floor and all dressed alike in plain white cotton. They certainly believed in plain living and high thinking! When I see the sartorial creations seen on school and college campuses today, (and I don't mean pants and tops) I can't help appreciating the wisdom of those prim Victorian women. Many students these days look like fashion models. I do enjoy seeing well-dressed and well-groomed youngsters, but not on a college or school campus. It is hard on the not so well-to-do because so few are able to resist the temptation to try to keep up with the Joneses and the burden ultimately falls on the poor parents.

I found the Indian students I have taught abroad highly motivated. Indian parents take their children's studies very seriously, in fact, too seriously, in the opinion of many teachers. I have been asked why this is so and I have offered the explanation that it must be because in a country where too many people chase too few jobs, drop-outs and sluggards stand no chance.

I taught 'remedial English' to migrant children in Melbourne, Australia, for a time. It was a strange experience because they couldn't believe that I could speak English, much less teach it! One of them asked me how long I had been in Australia. I told him I had been there six months. "You learnt pretty fast!" he exclaimed. They could not believe that I had learnt English in India.

One of my 'success' stories there had to do with a Yugoslav teenager. Saddled with an unfortunate name (Dragon), he was constantly being bullied and teased by his classmates (children can be so cruel at the age of ten and eleven) and he had just closed up. I was given the task of helping him to unwind and come out of his shell. My identification with him, telling him that like him, I too had had to learn English as a foreigner, struck a chord somewhere in his bitter mind. He warmed up to me, began to smile and talk a little and by the time I left, his teacher told me he was communicating well with his peers and with her.

Teachers in that school regularly displayed compositions of junior students (usually illustrated) on notice boards for everyone to see. Noticing that some, marked "excellent," were full of spelling and grammar mistakes, I asked a teacher once why he overlooked those glaring errors. He replied that he wanted to encourage originality and imagination and tended to ignore "minor" offences! He did not want to discourage a student by peppering his writing with red marks and writing discouraging remarks at the end to crown it all.

Encouraging remarks, he had found, were much better incentives than a failure mark accompanied by a crushing comment. I was also interested to notice that there was no pressure on teachers to produce marks and report cards every month. In some Indian schools that I know there is such an obsession with test papers and the correction thereof that there is very little time for teaching!

Are dedicated teachers disappearing fast from educational institutions? It is hard to give a specific answer, but it does seem to those belonging to my generation that there was a larger proportion of earnest and committed teachers even in government schools till, say, thirty years ago. Perhaps there were fewer openings for graduates then and a lot of able people went into the teaching profession. Salaries were not very high, but money went a longer way and people's needs were limited. Parading on streets for higher salaries would have been frowned upon as most unseemly even by poorly paid teachers.

Good teachers were held in high esteem then. The Headmaster of the local high school, the Magistrate, the Tehsildar, the sub-registrar and the police inspector were the dignitaries of the local community. A bride offered gifts to her first teacher before the wedding ceremony in return for his blessing.

I am often infuriated by the inane remarks made by our so-called educationists and academics sitting on panels and seminars. They themselves sound so vague and confused about what the content of education should be. Those who want to pose as champions of the disadvantaged argue vehemently for the abolition of 'public' schools. They are not even sure what schools could be classified as 'public' schools.

It is in the name of socialism and egalitarianism that they shed crocodile tears and crusade against the elitism fostered by these schools. They themselves send their children and grandchildren to such schools, of course. In affluent countries like Switzerland or Germany where the government spends lavishly and wisely on equipping and manning good schools, no one dreams of going in search of private schools. If people do that in India, it is because there isn't the ghost of a chance, with our meagre resources and burgeoning population, of being able to send their children to well-equipped, well-run government schools anywhere in the near future.

As long as these are inequalities in other areas, there will be inequalities in the field of education also and there will be parents who will tighten their belts to give their children the advantage of a good education. I myself have always taught in good private schools where we did not exploit parents at the time of admission or at any other time. A mechanic with very limited means told me last year of the various things he and his wife were going without so that his son could come to our school for good education.

The overall picture of the field of education today is an utterly depressing one. The racketeers in the field extort money in exchange for poor quality education. Misguided youth insist on the right to cheat in examinations. One of my old students told me they had no choice since nothing had been taught in class, that lecturers urge them to join their private tuition classes paying exorbitant fees. Lecturers complain that in the kind of atmosphere prevailing in campuses today nothing can be taught. Invigilators ask for police protection. Examiners and marks-tabulators can be bribed. Vice-Chancellors are gheraoed. Casteism and politics have seeped into university campuses. Everyone wants a degree (mostly useless), but no one is interested in the acquiring of knowledge. Flections to Student Unions have become a general nuisance to the public. Ragging on the campus by sadistic seniors has become a nightmare for freshers.

It would be tempting but cruel to blame teachers for all these ills, for all this is but part of the sickness of the whole society. It seems to me that, except in a few schools and colleges, learning has, alas, ceased to be a discovery and a joy. It behoves the nation, therefore, to pay heed to the words of the prophet of old: "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

JYOTI DESAI:
ENTERPRISING ENGINEER

"It was over 20 years ago, in 1955, that I graduated as an Electrical Engineer from the Jadavpur University, after completing what was then a four-year course. I did arouse quite a bit of interest then as I was the first girl to graduate as an engineer. My entry into this field was not so much on account of it being predominantly male dominated as because I always used to dabble in taking apart and putting together gadgets," recalls Mrs. Desai.

"In 1962 I joined this firm — Development Consultants Pvt. Ltd. They took me on as a Senior Project Engineer and currently I am the Assistant Chief Electrical Engineer." This makes Mrs. Desai the number two in her department.

Having specialised in power station electrical engineering she has to visit the sites off and on. That was where Jyoti felt she wasn't wanted by the labourers. "The labour force wasn't quite sure how to handle me," she laughed, "and I think I was just as apprehensive as to how I should deal with them. But now my work at the site has decreased."

"The other people I deal with are my clients. They offer me full cooperation."

According to Mrs. Desai some discrimination because of sex still exists, in regard to field work. "Our employers hesitate to send young women out on the sites. Luckily, I got an opportunity because I was at Durgapur."

Mrs. Desai has no doubts or regrets about her profession. "Given a choice again, I'd go right ahead and become an electrical engineer all over again," she affirms. "This is so because I have not noticed unfairness or partiality in this line on account of my sex. My status and salary are equal to those of my male colleagues. I still go to the sites — in an advisory capacity now — and the office doesn't think twice about it. The arrangement for my travel, stay, transportation etc. are exactly the same as those for my male counterparts. There's no fussing because I'm a woman."

Mrs. Desai is very modest. Although she is the senior most electrical engineer in the city, she doesn't feel it is something to boast about. "My greatest joy is in doing a job well. This profession has been something I've loved ever since I can recollect. I've dreamt of it since my girlhood. Besides, recognition of my efforts does gives me a sense of satisfaction."

A. Sarwal

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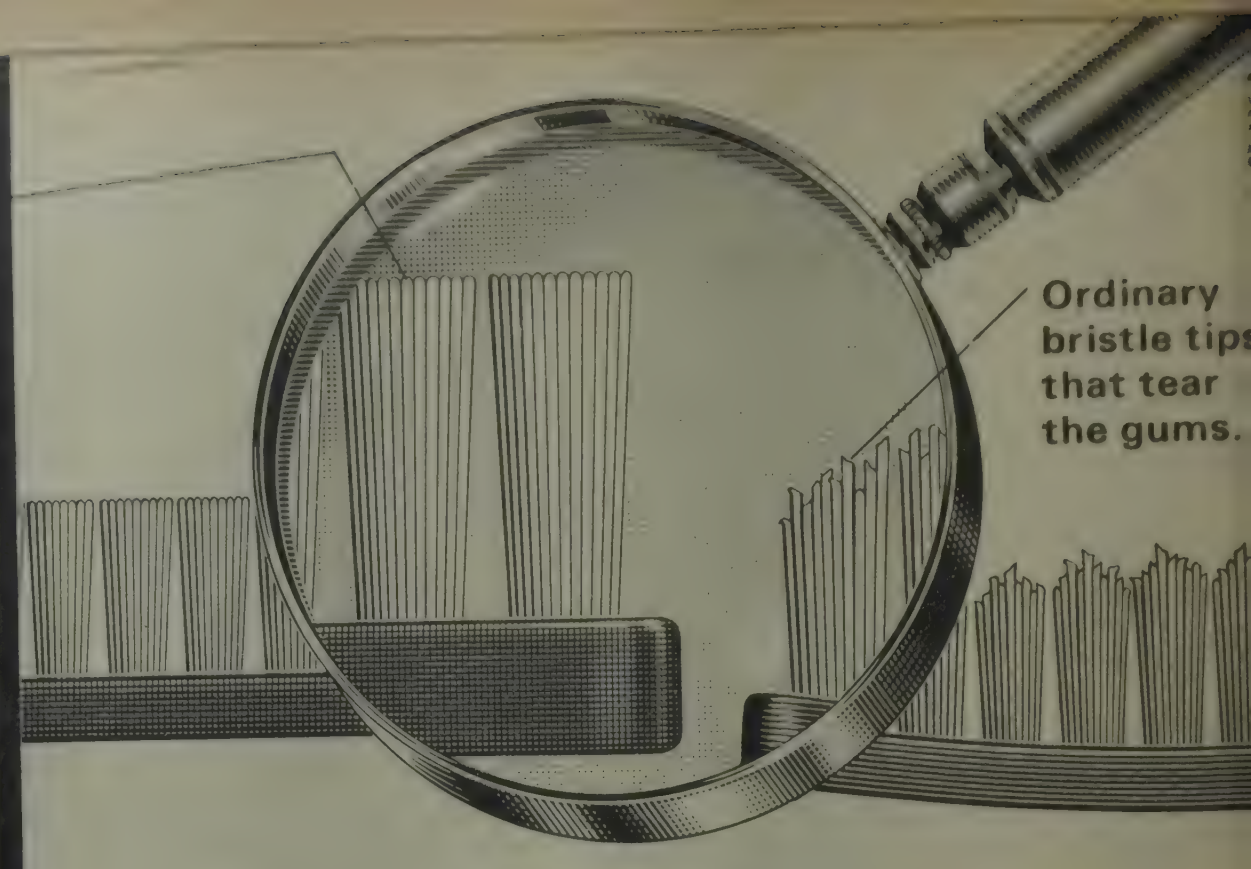

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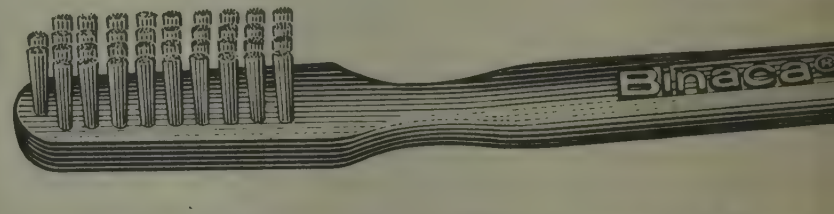

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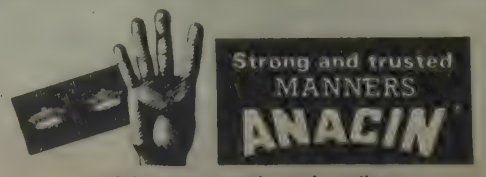

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A. PANKAJA:

Novelist And Banker

President of a bank for women, Mrs. A. Pankaja, whose mother tongue is Tamil, is also a very successful Kannada novelist

Women have successfully entered the fields of arts, medicine, engineering, teaching, politics, sports, etc. But we have rarely heard of women who are presidents of banks.

Mrs. A. Pankaja, educationist and novelist, is one of those few. She was one of the chief promoters of the Mahila Cooperative Bank Ltd., and is now its president. The bank is the first of its kind in Bangalore city and second in the whole state of Karnataka, she says.

Mr. P. Ramadev, now a member of the Legislative Assembly and secretary of a local cooperative bank, instilled in her the idea of an exclusively women's cooperative bank a few months ago. Such a bank would be the ideal institution on which women of the weaker sections could depend for help. Mrs. Pankaja worked on the idea for five months and she is very happy with its progress.

Their target collection through shares was Rs. three lakhs. The price of each share was Rs. 25, an amount which the weaker section could afford to invest. "In the beginning 80 per cent of the shares was issued to women and only 20 per cent to men," she said, and quickly added, "but only women will be getting the benefits."

The bank aims at helping the underprivileged — poor and middle class women. Home, cottage, and small industries and animal husbandry activities get preferential treatment when granting loans. The general idea is to encourage thrift, self-help and cooperation among the bank members and depositors. Branches and sub-branches in other parts of the city and surrounding suburbs are also being planned for future expansion and for furthering the cooperative movement.

Six young and well mannered women who came forward to offer their services for this worthy cause manage the newly opened bank in the busy Malleswaram area of Bangalore. The general public can use the bank as soon as the Reserve Bank of India's formal permission is obtained.

One would expect the president of a bank to be very businesslike in her manner of speech and austere in looks. But Mrs. Pankaja is far different from this image. Soft spoken and friendly, she has a pleasant look as she talks to people.

She was born in Pavagada village in Tumkur district in a family of musicians. Both her father and her grandfather were violinists. After her father's death, when she was just one year old, her family shifted to Mysore, where she had her education up to Intermediate. She too in her younger age tried her hand at the veena, but gave it up when she found herself not very good at it. Nevertheless, she loves and enjoys Carnatic music.

Although her mother tongue is Tamil, she has a good command over Telugu, Kannada and Hindi. "I love Hindi," she says. "I used to go to Tumkur and conduct Hindi classes during school vacations." Being a Hindi Vidwan, she speaks Hindi fluently. For most of the time after education she was a teacher at various schools in Bangalore.

She had a flair for writing even when young. When she was in school she wrote devotional songs. She wrote her first Kannada novel, "Nada Bhanga" (Disturbed Tune) before her marriage. It depicts the evil effects of the dowry system in our country. "That novel may be the result of my personal experiences during those days," she said. "In fact, all my novels are based on real life situations of people whom I know."

She believes that literature is a reflection of society. "I try to bring out the evil aspects of our modern society," she claims. She has now 16 novels and innumerable short stories to her credit. It is a remarkable achievement that not only has she written in a language which is not her mother tongue, but has also won national awards. In 1970-71, when she was a teacher in the Sophia High School, Bangalore, she won national awards for her novels "Sogasugati" (Fashionable Lady) and "Kagadada Doni" (Paper Boat).

Most of her novels revolve around man-woman relationships in modern society. "Romance is a must," she says, "if you want to attract readers, but the underlying theme is more important. Women and young girls form the majority of my readers."

Being married to an advocate belonging to a different caste could be the reason for depicting intercaste marriages in her novels, she feels. She is in favour of intercaste marriages as it is her belief that the offspring would be free of caste prejudices in such cases. Happily married, she has two sons, one doing engineering and the other studying at school.

"Equality for women? I don't like the term," she said. "We have more than that." A woman has a different role, as compared to man, to play in society, she feels. "It is the woman who is mainly responsible for a happy family. If every woman keeps her family happy, society naturally will be better. Women must have the final word as regards home affairs," she says.

Her idea of women's lib is allowing them to do what they want to do rather than what others want them to do. Educated women must come out and educate the illiterate rural women folk; unless this happens the scene will not change, she feels. "Everything that is suitable for a western woman is not necessarily suitable for us Indian women, so there is no point in blindly imitating the West in this respect."

She does not approve of parents who, without regard to their daughters' feelings, send them to work for their own ends. They should get them married at the right time as otherwise, she feels, undesirable relationships may develop and irrepairable damage may be caused both to the girl and her parents.

Apart from being a banker, writer and housewife, she is the vice-president of the Bangalore Citizens Committee. She has been instrumental in solving some of the traffic, water supply and power supply problems of the city. In most of her ventures she has found men more cooperative than women.

"Even in today's society our men have respect for women folk," was her frank reply to the question as to what she feels about the men she comes across.

She is not interested in politics. However, she did campaign for Mr. P. Ramadev during the recent elections in Karnataka and she charmed people at public meetings, but she has no intention of entering politics herself.

"I work for the cause and not for name," were her concluding words.

N. V. Shridharan

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A year when you must accept both challenges and changes. These are inevitable and, after a somewhat trying time when you will rather have your nose to the grindstone, will lead on to a pleasing breakthrough in your affairs, to good fortune and happiness. Broaden your mind and your heart; don't stick in a rut. You will be busy, have more work and responsibility to cope with, some family worries. Yet, don't try to make things too easy for yourself; the more conscientious you are at this turning point in your life, the better the rewards later on! However, try not to isolate yourself, to get into a routine of all work and no play. You must keep in contact with friends and get your share of the lighter side of life.

For the week Sept. 3 — 9

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar 22 — Apr 20)

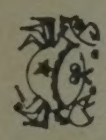
You will soon be over the little problems that are hassling you, but just now your face might just not seem to fit! Not to worry; a new aspect starting soon accents love and the social scene and your future looks great! Meanwhile, keep up to date on routine tasks and duties.

TAURUS (Apr 21 — May 21)

You are pretty good at managing your cash, but you will be in an extravagant mood this week and could make some costly mistakes. If you must spend on personal things, choose the 5th or 6th; be careful on the 8th and 9th. Make a fuss of your sweetheart or mate; he needs an ego-boost!

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

A super week for romance, with some ardent meetings mid-week! But on Saturday things won't go according to plan, or be what they seem! Be cautious. Home and family life are well starred; a relative will either make you do something that is good for you or be generous to you. Some unexpected cash may arrive through the post.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Jupiter, that lucky planet, leaves your sign this week, but will continue to aid your fortunes, bringing money in for recent efforts. A good week to buy; you will find some super things that do something special for you! Your love life is great for many weeks ahead.

LEO (July 24 — Aug 23)

This week is a turning point for you. A long lasting, fortunate influence starts to work and will aid all areas of your activities. Have confidence; you will get plenty of proof that you can chance your luck, and succeed. In a few months' time you should have taken a step up in the world!

VIRGO (Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Put the accent on communication — it is the key to success! Anything strictly personal to you can flourish if you just get around and respond. Good news comes through the mail or via a relative; there will be more than one super invitation. Come out of your shell; romance is around every corner!

LIBRA (Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Everything should be going well for you; there are exciting trends in romance. Plenty of amusing distractions to take up your time, but be alert in practical matters this week or you will miss an opportunity that doesn't come up every day. A change is due, and will assuredly benefit you.

SCORPIO (Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Lucky you! Venus, planet of love and happiness, moves into Scorpio and stays with you until early 1979! This is an unusually long time for quick-moving Venus and shows that luck and a lovely social scene are yours in the months ahead, as well as help for more practical matters.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23 — Dec 22)

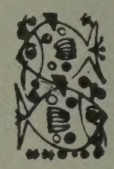
Whatever was denied you earlier in 1978 can now be yours! The starry pattern favours both your fortunes and your emotional life; everything is in an uptrend for you. Be bold first half of the week; don't go overboard with your cash — or your heart — though, on Thursday or Friday.

CAPRICORN (Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Travel stars are strong — and lucky to you. Get into fresh scenes whenever you can, make new friends. If it is holiday time you will enjoy yourself and should any restrictions remain, moneywise, these will soon ease. A romance is on the way; if unattached, be sure to respond to overtures.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Although you will be feeling better now than for a year or two, you will have to watch your spending for a time. If you don't, you will be very short for things you really want later on. This week, a good turn done recently will bring its reward; a super invitation will take you by surprise.



PISCES (Feb 20 — Mar 21)

You will be expanding your ideas — and this is good. It is no use going on in the same old way! If you have artistic talent, be sure to exploit this, both for profit and for relaxation. Life gets busy again soon, so see that you are up to date on everything. Beware that Pisces procrastination!

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 9, 1978

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

What factors influence women to take the decision to dedicate their lives to God? Is it necessary to become a nun in order to serve God? What is life in the convent like? What are the differences between the various orders? An article that hopes to answer some of these questions.

ALSO

While one has heard of several orders of Christian nuns, one rarely hears of any Hindu nuns. Why is this so? An analytical article.

GANESH CHATURTHI

September 6 is Ganesh Chaturthi, a festival celebrated with great enthusiasm in Maharashtra. What is the story behind the festival?

THE FUTURE OF CONSUMERISM

The third article in our series on social futures probes into what lies in store for the consumer in the years ahead.

Make your neighbour jealous

Use ECL Tiles they're better in colour

Why should you have a dull and drab bathroom or kitchen with ordinary tiles? Make them look colourful with ECL Tiles—economically. Compare the price of ECL decorative tiles with equally good ones, you'll be surprised!

Why settle for plain tiles when you can decorate your kitchen and bathroom colourfully—for a song!

Go on! Show them off!

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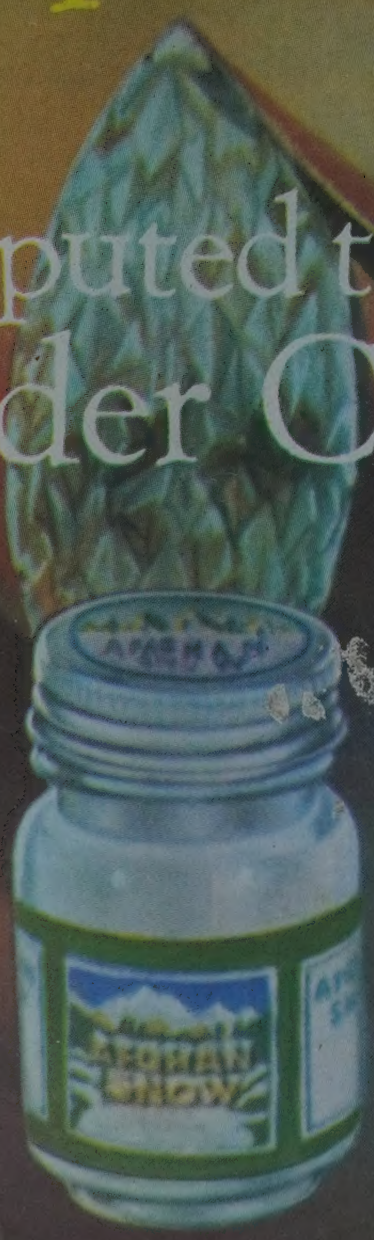

AFGHAN SNOW

E.S. Patanwala